



Donald Handley

THE PILGRIMS' WAY

ANOTHER EDITION

*of this book is issued on thin paper
and bound in leather*

Price 5s. nett.

THE
PILGRIMS' WAY

*A Little Scrip of Good Counsel
for Travellers*

CHOSEN BY

SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

FOURTH EDITION

LONDON
SEELEY, SERVICE & CO LTD
196 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
MCMXXV

Printed in Great Britain by T. and A. CONSTABLE LTD.
at the University Press, Edinburgh

PREFACE

IT is a disease of us English, and I think a reproach to that reformed religion which most of us profess, that we no longer go on pilgrimages. We travel more furiously than ever, and our propensity for it has passed into a by-word among the nations : but we travel among phenomena, and either in that rage for sight-seeing which Matthew Arnold summarised once for all, or in pursuit of bodily, not of spiritual, health. Yet we were once a great people for pilgrimages for our spiritual health ; and the roads along which we tear in motors or on bicycles intersect and sometimes follow for miles the tracks whereby the Englishman used to ride or trudge—once in his lifetime, perhaps, but for his soul's great benefit—to Canterbury, Walsingham, St. Michael's Mount. For most of us the frequented stretches of these old roads have had their significance rubbed out of them : it is where the track diverges—where the rider on his way home from the hunt crosses a ribbon of short turf winding over the downs—that the lesson is more likely to be read : and this is a pity, for it effaces by a foolish antiquarian interest what should be a present practical one. If the new road lead us better to Walsingham than the old, by all means let the old be superseded. But does the new lead to Walsingham ?

I want to urge here a reason or two why this good custom of our fathers, of going on pilgrimages, should not be discontinued.

In the first place, a man ought, at least once in his

PREFACE

life, to commit himself to some great undertaking such as a pilgrimage; for a man has only one life to live. Also it will help to make him an agreeable fellow. He will derive an astonishing amount of amusement from planning the cost, poring over maps, and discussing the adventure beforehand with his wife; and afterwards he can tell his neighbours about it.

Next, although a holiday is good, a pilgrimage is better; for it proceeds from those impulses which, though he repress them by daily work, still intrude and whisper that he was born for higher things. Almost every man feels that his fate holds him down to a rut; that, though he love his wife and children, he has missed for their sake to do God (whatever his God may be) some service which had been within his free capacity. Therefore his release upon pilgrimage offers him something which is more than a holiday, and at the same time something which is better, being less. It has not the *dissoluteness* of a holiday, which so often disappoints because the holiday-maker has cut himself off from his interests, and changed them for

Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,

whereas the pilgrim is one who has made an appointment with his higher self, to meet at some distant date and place. As Donne says—

Meet me in London then
Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.

‘By being with men’—that is another gain of the pilgrim’s. He not only, like Ulysses, visits cities and foreigners, and learns their minds: he makes acquaintance, among his fellow-travellers, with men at once ‘practical,’ taking the day as it comes, and congregationally

PREFACE

bent on bettering their souls. Their sociability (you may note this in Chaucer's pilgrims) does not hide their serious common purpose, but rather takes it for granted, and so makes it more real.

Again, the pilgrim is doing what the race has done constantly for many thousands of years; and to any one with a catholic mind (no matter what his creed) this ought to be a tremendous argument.

Lastly, he is putting into drama and acting for himself that parable which—so true is it—has in one way and another inspired the very best books in the world—among them the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, *Don Quixote*. All these are but different versions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*: and if this little book dares to follow the parable, it is because a truth so universal covers the small equally with the great.

We are all on pilgrimage here: and though to beguile the road I have sung a song or two, and told perhaps too many stories, there has also been time to make a notebook of a few good thoughts I met on the way and pondered and sometimes took to rest with me. Perhaps the best of all, for all weathers and for every business, is the following of Fénelon's, which I have kept for my preface:—

'Do everything without excitement, simply in the spirit of grace. So soon as you perceive natural activity gliding in, recall yourself quietly into the presence of God. . . . You will find yourself infinitely more quiet, your words will be fewer and more effectual, and, while doing less, what you do will be more profitable. It is not a question of a hopeless mental activity, but a question of acquiring a quietude and peace in which you readily advise with your beloved as to all you have to do.'

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

NOTE

NOTE

I MUST here thank those who have helped me by permitting the use of copyright poems and prose passages:— Canon H. C. Beeching, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. William Canton, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Israel Zangwill; Lady Seeley and Mrs. Coventry Patmore; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for three pieces by Robert Louis Stevenson; Mr. Bertram Dobell for extracts from Traherne and James Thomson; Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for sundry poems of Browning's and a prose passage from Thackeray; Mr. Alfred Nutt for two lyrics by W. E. Henley, and Mr. John Lane for one by William Brighty Rands; Messrs. Macmillan for two by T. E. Brown and two stanzas by Frederick Tennyson; Mr. Alfred Sutro for permission to use his translation of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, and Mr. George Allen for confirming that permission and for a poem by William (Johnson) Cory. Of other translators I have gone for Epictetus to the late Mr. George Long (Messrs. G. Bell and Sons); for Marcus Aurelius to Long and to Casaubon; for Cervantes to Mr. H. E. Watts (Messrs. A. and C. Black); for Pascal to Mr. W. F. Trotter, who made the excellent rendering for Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s 'Temple Classics'; for two passages from Fénelon to the anonymous editor of some selections from the *Lettres Spirituelles* published by the H. M. Caldwell Co. of New York and Boston. For other translations I am responsible: while for the text of many of the poems included I have relied upon redactions made by me for the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, published by the Clarendon Press.

A. T. Q.-C.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHILDHOOD

A Boy's Song	<i>James Hogg</i>	23
A Child	<i>John Earle</i>	24
The Retreat	<i>Henry Vaughan</i>	25
First-Fruits	<i>Thomas Traherne</i>	26
Ode on Intimations of Immor- tality from Recollections of		
Early Childhood	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	28
The Nurse's Song	<i>William Blake</i>	36
Morning School	<i>William Canton</i>	36
The Thought	<i>William Brighty Rands</i>	38
The Sister	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	39
To His Saviour, a Child : a		
Present by a Child	<i>Robert Herrick</i>	40
A Child's Grace	<i>Robert Herrick</i>	41
The Toys	<i>Coventry Patmore</i>	41

YOUTH

Invocation to Youth	<i>Laurence Binyon</i>	45
From 'Saul'	<i>Robert Browning</i>	45
Prayers	<i>H. C. Beeching</i>	46
Founder's Day. A Secular		
Ode on the Ninth Jubilee		
of Eton College	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	47
Wotton at Winchester	<i>Izaak Walton</i>	50
Pater Filio	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	51
To H. F. B.	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	52
Hey nonny no !	<i>Anonymous</i>	53

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Bargain <i>Sir Philip Sidney</i>	54
Crabbèd Age and Youth <i>William Shakespeare</i>	54
Collige Rosas <i>William Ernest Henley</i>	55

THE FORE-RUNNERS

God's Chosen <i>Wisdom of Solomon</i>	59
The Story of Cleobis and Biton <i>Herodotus</i>	60
The Predestined <i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	61
The Old Margate Hoy <i>Charles Lamb</i>	62
To Sir Lucius Carey: of his friend Sir H. Morison <i>Ben Jonson</i>	63
The Soldier <i>Roumanian Peasant Song</i>	64
Fore-runners <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	65

DIVINE LOVE

Divine Love <i>The Song of Songs</i>	69
Quia Amore Languet <i>Anonymous</i>	71
The Invitation <i>John Lydgate</i>	75
Christ Crucified <i>Richard Crashaw</i>	76
The Man with Three Friends <i>Dora Greenwell</i>	76
The Way, the Light, the Life <i>Francis Quarles</i>	78
St. Agnes' Eve <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	80
Love <i>George Herbert</i>	81

HUMANE LOVE

The Invocation <i>Robert Browning</i>	85
Wooing Song <i>Giles Fletcher</i>	86
Silvia <i>William Shakespeare</i>	87
To Anthea, who may command him Anything <i>Robert Herrick</i>	88
Mary Morison <i>Robert Burns</i>	89
The Indian Serenade <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	90
In a Gondola <i>Robert Browning</i>	91
The Ecstasy <i>John Donne</i>	92
The Triumph <i>Ben Jonson</i>	93
The Vine <i>James Thomson</i>	94

CONTENTS

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

	PAGE
Praise of Women <i>Robert Mannyng of Brunne</i>	97
Epithalamion <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	97
Marriage <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	112
When Love meets Love . . . <i>T. E. Brown</i>	113
The Husband <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	114
Cradle Song <i>William Blake</i>	114

HOUSE AND GARDEN

Wishes <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	119
The Wine of Life <i>James Boswell</i>	119
To Mr. Lawrence <i>John Milton</i>	120
To Cyriack Skinner <i>John Milton</i>	121
The Holy Tide <i>Frederick Tennyson</i>	121
Of Gardens <i>Francis Bacon</i>	122
Thoughts in a Garden . . . <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	123

WORK AND THE DAILY ROUND

Waking <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	129
To the Comtesse de Gramont <i>Fénelon</i>	129
Our Daily Bread <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i>	130
Sleep <i>Sir Thomas Browne</i>	131

DIVINITY IN MAN

If Children, then Heirs . . . <i>Epictetus</i>	135
Valedictory to the River Duddon <i>William Wordsworth</i>	135
The Universal in Man . . . <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	136
A Compendium <i>Sir John Davies</i>	138
Christianity: Pride and Humility <i>Blaise Pascal</i>	138

NATURE

Wood-notes <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	143
Joy <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	144
The Brutes <i>Walt Whitman</i>	145

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Melampus <i>George Meredith</i>	146
On the Wye above Tintern Abbey <i>William Wordsworth</i>	152
Love Universal <i>Alexander Smith</i>	157
Vita Nuova <i>William Watson</i>	158

THE STARS

The Stars <i>Alphonse Daudet</i>	161
Lorenzo and Jessica <i>William Shakespeare</i>	164
Midnight on St. Thomas's Eve <i>Thomas Hardy</i>	165
Night—and Carlyle Dying <i>Walt Whitman</i>	166
On the Beach at Night <i>Walt Whitman</i>	167
The King on the Tower <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i>	169
Johannes Agricola in Meditation <i>Robert Browning</i>	170

THE STRENGTH OF MANHOOD

Virtue <i>John Milton</i>	175
True Knighthood <i>Stephen Hawes</i>	175
Man his own Master <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	175
Ulysses and the Siren <i>Samuel Daniel</i>	176
Positive and Negative Virtue <i>James Anthony Froude</i>	179
Positive and Negative Virtue <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	180
Henry at Agincourt <i>William Shakespeare</i>	181
Clive before Plassey <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	183
A Charge <i>Herbert Trench</i>	184
Invictus <i>William Ernest Henley</i>	185
Cheer <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i>	186
Trust Thyself <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	186
Respite Finem <i>John Milton</i>	188

THE GRACE OF MANHOOD

Domine, Quis Habitabit? <i>Psalms xv</i>	191
Integer Vitae <i>Thomas Campion</i>	191
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland <i>Samuel Daniel</i>	192

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Quiet Soul <i>John Oldham</i>	197
The True Gentleman Defined <i>Cardinal Newman</i>	198
Manners <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	200
Virtue <i>George Herbert</i>	202

THE FREEMAN

Freedom <i>John Barbour</i>	205
The Character of a Happy Life <i>Sir Henry Wotton</i>	206
Instans Tyrannus <i>Robert Browning</i>	207
The Remedy against Ire <i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	209

THE CITIZEN

Citizenship <i>Edmund Burke</i>	213
Don Quixote gives Counsel to Sancho Panza <i>Cervantes</i>	214
Compromise <i>Anne Robert Jacques Turgot</i>	217
Compromise <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	217
Compromise <i>Cardinal Newman</i>	217
Refreshment <i>Marcus Aurelius Antoninus</i>	218
Self-Reliance <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	218

CONTENT

The Means to attain Happy Life <i>Earl of Surrey</i>	221
Sweet Content <i>Thomas Dekker</i>	222
The Angler's Rest <i>Izaak Walton</i>	222
The Valley of Humiliation <i>John Bunyan</i>	225
Of Ambitions <i>Blaise Pascal</i>	227
Peterkin's Pudding <i>I. Zangwill</i>	227

WISDOM

The Praise of Wisdom <i>Ecclesiasticus</i>	231
Quis est iste <i>Book of Job</i>	233
The Answer <i>Esdras</i>	238
The Beatitudes <i>St. Matthew</i>	239

CONTENTS

PRAYER AND PRAISE

	PAGE
Prayer <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	243
Prayer <i>George Meredith</i>	243
To Our Lady <i>Speculum Christiani</i>	244
Discipline in Prayer <i>Fénelon</i>	244
Prayer and Praise <i>Sir W. Davenant</i>	246
Sursum Corda <i>Epictetus</i>	246
Laudate Dominum <i>Psalm cxlviii</i>	247

CHARITY

Against Bitterness of Zeal <i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	251
How Charity 'Begins at Home' <i>Fénelon</i>	252
Abou Ben Adhem <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	253
Magdalen <i>Henry Kingsley</i>	254
The Gentle Man <i>Thomas Campion</i>	255
Man's Service <i>Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke</i>	255
The Least of These 'Q.'	256
The Invisible Goodness <i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	257
The Signs of Goodness <i>Francis Bacon</i>	257

SOME EXEMPLARS

The Death of the Bruce <i>Froissart</i>	261
The Good Priest <i>Ecclesiasticus</i>	264
The Death of Bede <i>Cuthbert</i>	265
The Good Knight <i>Sir Thomas Malory</i>	266
Character of the Happy Warrior <i>William Wordsworth</i>	267
Incident of the Battle of Salamanca <i>Sir William Napier</i>	270
Washington says Farewell to his Army <i>Ramsey</i>	271
Nelson's Departure from Portsmouth <i>Robert Southey</i>	272
The Good Sea Captain <i>Thomas Fuller</i>	273

CONTENTS

On the Death of Mr. Robert		PAGE
Levet, a Practiser in Physic	<i>Samuel Johnson</i>	274
Two Good Anglers	<i>Izaak Walton</i>	276

BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION

Departed	<i>Henry Vaughan</i>	283
Rose Aylmer	<i>Walter Savage Landor</i>	284
Requiescat	<i>Matthew Arnold</i>	285
Heraclitus	<i>William Cory</i>	286
The Old Familiar Faces	<i>Charles Lamb</i>	286
Exequy on his Wife	<i>Henry King</i>	287
The Wife a-lost	<i>William Barnes</i>	291
Beyond	<i>John Gibson Lockhart</i>	292
Easter	<i>Sir J. R. Seeley</i>	293
The Fountain of Tears	<i>Arthur William Edgar</i>	
	<i>O'Shaughnessy</i>	294
Despair	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	296
Consolation	<i>John Milton</i>	297
The New Jerusalem	<i>Anonymous</i>	298

AGE

On Time	<i>John Milton</i>	303
Old Age	<i>Edmund Waller</i>	304
A Farewell to Arms	<i>George Peele</i>	304
Cadmus and Harmonia	<i>Matthew Arnold</i>	305
The Gate	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	306
Rabbi Ben Ezra	<i>Robert Browning</i>	307
Peace	<i>Henry Vaughan</i>	316

DEATH

Death	<i>Marcus Aurelius Antoninus</i>	321
Death	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	321
Death	<i>John Donne</i>	322
Last Lines	<i>Emily Brontë</i>	322
Dominus Illuminatio Mea	<i>R. B.</i>	324
My Own Country	<i>Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester</i>	324

CONTENTS

Valiant-for-Truth crosses the		PAGE
River	<i>John Bunyan</i>	325
Up-Hill	<i>Christina Rossetti</i>	326
The Rapture	<i>Henry Montagu, Earl of</i> <i>Manchester</i>	327
O Come Quickly !	<i>Thomas Campion</i>	329
The Pilgrim's Way	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	329

TITLES OF VERSE

	PAGE		PAGE
Abou Ben Adhem . . .	253	Fore-runners . . .	65
Bargain, The . . .	54	Founder's Day . . .	47
Beatitudes, The . . .	239	Fountain of Tears, The . . .	294
Beyond . . .	292	Freedom . . .	205
Boy's Song, A . . .	23	Gate, The . . .	306
Brutes, The . . .	145	Gentle Man, The . . .	255
Cadmus and Harmonia . . .	305	God's Chosen . . .	59
Cheer . . .	186	Good Priest, The . . .	264
Character of a Happy Life, The . . .	206	Henry at Agincourt . . .	181
Character of the Happy Warrior . . .	267	Heraclitus . . .	286
Charge, A . . .	184	Hey nonny no ! . . .	53
Child's Grace, A . . .	41	Holy Tide, The . . .	121
Christ Crucified . . .	76	In a Gondola . . .	91
Collige Rosas . . .	55	Indian Serenade, The . . .	90
Compendium, A . . .	138	Instans Tyrannus . . .	207
Consolation . . .	297	Integer Vitae . . .	191
Crabbèd Age and Youth . . .	54	Invictus . . .	185
Cradle Song . . .	114	Invitation, The . . .	75
Departed . . .	283	Invocation, The . . .	85
Despair . . .	296	Invocation to Youth . . .	45
Divine Love . . .	69	Johannes Agricola in Medi- tation . . .	170
Domine, Quis Habitabit ? . . .	191	Joy . . .	144
Dominus Illuminatio Mea . . .	324	King on the Tower, The . . .	169
Easter . . .	293	Last Lines . . .	322
Ecstasy, The . . .	92	Laudate Dominum . . .	247
Epithalamion . . .	97	Least of These, The . . .	256
Exequy on his Wife . . .	287	Lorenzo and Jessica . . .	164
Farewell to Arms, A . . .	304		

TITLES OF VERSE

	PAGE		PAGE
Love	81	St. Agnes' Eve	80
Love Universal	157	Saul	45
Magdalen	254	Silvia	87
Man's Service	255	Sister, The	39
Man with Three Friends, The	76	Sleep	131
Mary Morison	89	Soldier, The	64
Means to attain Happy Life, The	221	Sweet Content	222
Melampus	146		
New Jerusalem, The	298	The Way, the Light, the Life	78
Nurse's Song, The	36	Thought, The	38
O Come Quickly	329	Thoughts in a Garden	123
Ode on Intimations of Im- mortality	28	To Anthea, who may com- mand him Anything	88
Old Age	304	To Cyriack Skinner	121
Old Familiar Faces, The	286	To H. F. B.	52
On the Beach at Night	167	To His Saviour, a Child : a Present by a Child	40
On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet	274	To Mr. Lawrence	120
On the Wye above Tintern Abbey	152	To Our Lady	244
On Time	303	To Sir Lucius Carey	63
Pater Filio	51	To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland	192
Peace	316	Toys, The	41
Pilgrim's Way, The	329	Triumph, The	93
Praise of Wisdom, The	231	True Knighthood	175
Praise of Women	97	Two Good Anglers	276
Prayer and Praise	246		
Prayers	46	Ulysses and the Siren	176
Quia Amore Languet	71	Up-Hill	326
Quiet Soul, A	197		
Quis est iste	233	Valedictory to the River Duddon	135
		Vine, The	94
Rabbi Ben Ezra	307	Virtue	175
Requiescat	285	Virtue	202
Respite Finem	188	Vita Nuova	158
Retreat, The	25		
Rose Aylmer	284	When Love meets Love	113
		Wife a-lost, The	291
		Wishes	119
		Wood-notes	143
		Wooring Song	86

FIRST LINES OF VERSE

	PAGE
A! Fredome is a noble thing!	205
A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot! . . .	118
A servant with this clause	128
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) . . .	253
Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint . . .	287
Ah, what avails the sceptred race! . . .	284
All I can	260
All is best, though we oft doubt	188
All thoughts, all passions, all delights . . .	84
Alway be merry if thou may	118
And let the counsel of thine own heart stand . .	174
And sometimes I remember days of old . . .	302
Animula, vagula, blandula!	320
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? .	222
As ye came from the holy land	84
Awake, my Soul, and with the sun	128
Behold, within the leafy shade	39
Bid me to live, and I will live	88
Blessed are the poor in spirit	239
Brave lads in olden musical centuries . . .	52
But though the righteous be prevented with death .	59
Christ and His Mother, heavenly maid	47
Come then, as ever, like the wind at morning . .	45
Come unto these yellow sands	22
Come, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come	176
Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine	274
Crabbèd Age and Youth	54
Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench . .	121
Days when the ball of our vision	44
Deep on the convent roof the snows	80
Does the road wind up-hill all the way? . . .	326
E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle	160

FIRST LINES OF VERSE

	PAGE
Far, far from here	305
Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream . . .	306
Fly envious time, till thou run out thy race . .	303
For knighthood is not in the feats of warre . .	175
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	329
Glad sight wherever new with old	96
Go little book, and wish to all	119
Go, pretty child, and bear this flower	40
God who created me	46
Grow old along with me	307
Happy those early days, when I	25
He that of such a height hath built his mind . .	192
Here a little child I stand	41
Hey nonny no !	53
Hierusalem, my happy home	298
High-spirited friend	282
His golden locks Time hath to silver turned . .	304
How happy is he born and taught	206
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank .	164
How vainly men themselves amaze	123
I arise from dreams of thee	90
I have had playmates, I have had companions .	286
I know my soul hath power to know all things .	137
I saw Eternity the other night	160
I strove with none, for none was worth my strife .	302
I think I could turn and live with animals . .	145
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide . .	135
I watch'd him sleep by the furrow	64
If thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem . .	184
If you go over desert and mountain	294
In a valley of this restless mind	71
In the hour of death, after this life's whim . .	324
Into the skies, one summer's day	38
It is not growing like a tree	63
It was a lover and his lass	84
L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle	84
Lawrence of virtuous Father virtuous Son . . .	120
Let me live harmlessly ; and near the brink . .	277
Long I follow'd happy guides	65
Lord, in thy Courts	256
Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle	191

FIRST LINES OF VERSE

	PAGE
Love bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back .	81
Love is the blossom where there blows .	86
Magdalen at Michael's gate	254
Many are the sayings of the wise	297
Martial, the things that do attain	221
Mary mother, well thou be !	244
Mortals that would follow me	175
My beloved spake and said unto me	69
My blood so red	68
My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes .	41
My soul, there is a country	316
My true love hath my heart, and I have his .	54
Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore .	329
No coward soul is mine	322
No thyng ys to man so dere	97
Nous n'irons plus aux bois	22
Now you will not swell the' rout	58
O ancient streams, O far-descended woods	158
O gather me the rose, the rose	55
O Lady ! we receive but what we give	144
O lyric love, half angel and half bird	85
O Mary, at thy window be	89
O mortal folk, you may behold and see	320
O that we now had here	181
Of the million or two, more or less	207
Oh, the wild joys of living ! the leaping from rock up to rock	45
On the beach, at night	167
Out of the night that covers me	185
Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds	246
Praise ye the Lord	217
Say not, the struggle naught availeth	186
See the Chariot at hand here of Love	93
Sense with keenest edge unused	51
Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm	68
Simon the high priest, the son of Onias	264
Since I noo mwore do zee your feâce	291
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright	114
Strew on her roses, roses	285
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright !	202

FIRST LINES OF VERSE

	PAGE
Tary no longer; toward thyn heritage . . .	75
The beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars . . .	160
The earth may open, and the sea o'erwhelm . . .	20
The chief use then in man of that he knows . . .	255
The cold grey hills they bind me around . . .	169
The days are sad, it is the Holy tide . . .	121
The fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays . . .	157
The goodly gate swung oft with many gods . . .	84
The man of life upright . . .	191
The moth's kiss, first! . . .	91
The night is come, like to the day . . .	131
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er . . .	304
The wine of Love is music . . .	94
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream . . .	28
There's heaven above, and night by night . . .	170
These beauteous forms . . .	152
They are all gone into the world of light . . .	283
They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead . . .	286
This day dame Nature seem'd in love . . .	276
This ring, so worn as you behold . . .	96
Thy restless feet now cannot go . . .	76
Thy soul within such silent pomp did keep . . .	197
To one full sound and quietly . . .	76
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow . . .	296
Wearry of myself, and sick of asking . . .	160
Whan that Aprillë with his shourës sote . . .	20
What avails that winter die . . .	293
When love meets love, breast urged to breast . . .	113
When the voices of children are heard on the green . . .	36
When youthful faith hath fled . . .	292
Where, like a pillow on a bed . . .	92
Where the pools are bright and deep . . .	23
Who is Silvia? What is she? . . .	87
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he . . .	267
Who is this that darkeneth counsel . . .	233
Who overcomes by force . . .	204
Whoso walks in solitude . . .	143
Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why . . .	78
Wisdom exalteth her children . . .	231
Wise men patience never want . . .	255
With ove exceeding a simple love of the things . . .	146
Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call . . .	22
Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes . . .	97

AUTHORS' NAMES

- ANONYMOUS : Hey nonny no ! 53 ; 68 ; Quia Amore Languco,
71 ; 260 ; The New Jerusalem, 298.
- ARISTOTLE : 212.
- ARNOLD, MATTHEW : 160 ; Requiescat, 285 ; Cadmus and
Harmonia, 305.
- BACON, FRANCIS : 96 ; Of Gardens, 122 ; The Signs of Good-
ness, 257.
- BARBOUR, JOHN : Freedom, 205.
- BARNES, WILLIAM : The Wife a-lost, 291.
- BEDDOES, THOMAS : 20.
- BEECHING, H. C. : Prayers, 46.
- BINYON, LAURENCE : Invocation to Youth, 45.
- BLAKE, WILLIAM : The Nurse's Song, 36 ; Cradle Song, 114.
- BOSWELL, JAMES : The Wine of Life, 119.
- BRIDGES, ROBERT : Founder's Day. A Secular Ode on the
Ninth Jubilee of Eton College, 47 ; Pater Filio, 51.
- BRONTË, EMILY : Last Lines, 322.
- BROWN, T. E. : When Love meets Love, 113 ; 118.
- BROWNE, SIR THOMAS : Sleep, 131 ; 190 ; 282 ; 320.
- BROWNING, ROBERT : From 'Saul,' 45 ; The Invocation, 85 ;
In a Gondola, 91 ; Johannes Agricola in Meditation, 170 ;
Instans Tyrannus, 207 ; Rabbi Ben Ezra, 307.
- BUNYAN, JOHN : 20 ; 212 ; The Valley of Humiliation, 225 ;
Valiant-for-Truth crosses the River, 325.
- BURKE, EDMUND : Citizenship, 213.
- BURNS, ROBERT : Mary Morison, 89.
- B., R. : Dominus Illuminatio Mea, 324.
- CAMPION, THOMAS : Integer Vitae, 191 ; The Gentle Man, 255 ;
O Come Quickly, 329.
- CANTON, WILLIAM : Morning School, 36.
- CERVANTES, MIGUEL : Don Quixote gives Counsel to Sancho
Panza, 214.

AUTHORS' NAMES

- CHAUCER, GEOFFREY :** 20 ; The Remedy against Ire, 209.
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH : Cheer, 186.
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR : 84 ; Joy, 144.
CONFUCIUS : 230.
CORY, WILLIAM : Heraclitus, 286.
CRABBE, GEORGE : 96.
CRASHAW, RICHARD : Christ Crucified, 76.
CUTHBERT : The Death of Bede, 265.

DANIEL, SAMUEL : Ulysses and the Siren, 176 ; To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, 192.
DANTE : 84 ; 160.
DAUDET, ALPHONSE : The Stars, 161.
DAVENANT, SIR W. : Prayer and Praise, 246.
DAVIES, SIR JOHN : A Compendium, 138.
DEKKER, THOMAS : Sweet Content, 222.
DOBELL : 84.
DONNE, JOHN : The Ecstasy, 92 ; Death, 322.

EARLE, JOHN : A Child, 24.
ECCLESIASTICUS : 96 ; 174 ; 230 ; The Praise of Wisdom, 231 ; 260 ; The Good Priest, 264.
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO : Fore-runners, 65 ; The Universal in Man, 136 ; Wood-notes, 143 ; Trust Thyself, 186 ; Self-Reliance, 218.
EPICETUS : 118 ; If Children, then Hens, 135 ; 212 ; 220 ; Sursum Corda, 246.
ESDRAS : The Answer, 238.

FÉNELON : To the Comtesse de Gramont, 129 ; 242 ; Discipline in Prayer, 244 ; How Charity 'Begins at Home,' 252 ; 282.
FIELDING, HENRY : 260.
FLETCHER, GILES : Wooing Song, 86.
FROISSART : The Death of the Bruce, 261.
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY : Positive and Negative Virtue, 179 ; 230.
FULLER, THOMAS : The Good Sea Captain, 273.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER : 230.
GREENWELL, DORA : The Man with Three Friends, 76.
GREVILLE, FULKE, LORD BROOKE : Man's Service, 255.

HABAKKUK : 302.
HADRIAN : The Emperor Hadrian to his Soul, 320.

AUTHORS' NAMES

- HARDY, THOMAS : Midnight on St. Thomas's Eve, 165.
 HAWES, STEPHEN : True Knighthood, 175 ; 320.
 HEINE : 134.
 HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST : Collige Rosas, 55 ; Invictus, 185.
 HERBERT, GEORGE : Love, 81 ; 128 ; Virtue, 202.
 HERODOTUS : The Story of Cleobis and Biton, 60.
 HERRICK, ROBERT : To His Saviour, a Child : a Present by a
 Child, 40 ; A Child's Grace, 41 ; To Anthea, who may
 command him Anything, 88.
 HOGG, JAMES : A Boy's Song, 23.
 HOMER : 96.
 HOUSMAN, A. E. : 58.
 HUNT, LEIGH : Abou Ben Adhem, 253.

 IBSEN, HENRICK : 174.
 ISAIAH : 260.

 JOE, THE BOOK OF : Quis est iste, 233.
 JOHNSON, SAMUEL : 96 ; 174 ; On the Death of Mr. Robert
 Levett, a Practiser in Physic, 274.
 JONSON, BEN : To Sir Lucius Carey : of his friend Sir H.
 Morison, 63 ; The Triumph, 93 ; 282.

 KEN, BISHOP : 128.
 KING, HENRY : Exequy on his Wife, 287.
 KINGSLEY, HENRY : Magdalen, 254.

 LAMB, CHARLES : The Old Margate Hoy, 62 ; The Old Familiar
 Faces, 286.
 LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE : Rose Aylmer, 284 ; 302.
 LINCOLN, ABRAHAM : 217.
 LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON : Beyond, 292.
 LYDGATE, JOHN : The Invitation, 75.

 MACAULAY, LORD : Clive before Plassey, 183.
 MAETERLINCK, MAURICE : The Predestined, 61 ; The Invisible
 Goodness, 257.
 MALORY, SIR THOMAS : The Good Knight, 266.
 MANNING OF BRUNNE, ROBERT : Praise of Women, 97.
 MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS : 134 ; 142 ; 204 ; Refreshment,
 218 ; 242 ; 302 ; Death, 321.
 MARVELL, ANDREW : Thoughts in a Garden, 123.
 MEREDITH, GEORGE : 44 ; Melampus, 146 ; Prayer, 243.

AUTHORS' NAMES

MILTON, JOHN : To Mr. Lawrence, 120 ; To Cyriack Skinner, 121 ; Virtue, 175 ; Respite Finem, 188 ; 204 ; Consolation, 297 ; On Time, 303.

MONTAGU, HENRY, EARL OF MANCHESTER : 134 ; 320 ; My Own Country, 324 ; The Rapture, 327.

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM : Incident of the Battle of Salamanca, 270.

NEWMAN, CARDINAL : The True Gentleman Defined, 198 ; 212 ; Compromise, 217.

OLDHAM, JOHN : A Quiet Soul, 197.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR : The Fountain of Tears, 294.

PASCAL, BLAISE : Christianity : Pride and Humility, 138 ; 204 ; 204 ; Of Ambitions, 227.

PATMORE, COVENTRY : The Toys, 41 ; Manners, 200.

PEELE, GEORGE : A Farewell to Arms, 304.

PERICLES : 212.

POWELL, FREDERICK YORK : 174.

PSALM XV. : Domine, Quis Habitabit, 191.

PSALM CXLVIII : Laudate Dominum, 247.

'Q' : The Least of These, 256.

QUARLES, FRANCIS : The Way, the Light, the Life, 78.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER : Death, 321 ; The Pilgrim's Way, 329.

RAMSEY : Washington says Farewell to his Army, 271.

RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY : The Thought, 38.

ROCHEFOUCAULD, LA : 190.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA : 302 ; Up-Hill, 326.

ST. MATTHEW : The Beatitudes, 239.

ST. PAUL : 44 ; 250.

SEELEY, SIR J. R. : Easter, 293.

SENECA : 134.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM : 22 ; Crabbèd Age and Youth, 54 ; 84 ; Silvia, 87 ; Lorenzo and Jessica, 164 ; Henry at Agincourt, 181 ; Despair, 296.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE : The Indian Serenade, 90.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP : The Bargain, 54.

SMITH, ALEXANDER : Love Universal, 157.

SOLOMON, WISDOM OF : God's Chosen, 59 ; 118.

SONG OF SONGS : 68 ; Divine Love, 69.

AUTHORS' NAMES

- SOUTHEY, ROBERT : Nelson's Departure from Portsmouth, 272.
 SPENSER, EDMUND : Epithalamion, 97.
 SPINOZA : 250.
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS : To H. F. B., 52 ; Wishes, 119 ; Positive and Negative Virtue, 180.
 SURREY, EARL OF : The Means to attain Happy Life, 221.
 TAYLOR, JEREMY : Marriage, 112 ; The Husband, 114 ; Waking, 129 ; Man his own Master, 175 ; Prayer, 243 ; 250 ; Against Bitterness of Zeal, 251.
 TENNYSON, ALFRED : St Agnes' Eve, 80.
 TENNYSON, FREDERICK : The Holy Tide, 121.
 THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE : Our Daily Bread, 130 ; The King on the Tower, 169.
 THOMSON, JAMES : The Vine, 94.
 THREE HOLY CHILDREN, SONG OF THE : 242.
 TOCQUEVILLE : 174 ; 204.
 TRAHERNE, THOMAS : First-Fruits, 26 ; 190.
 TRENCH, HERBERT : A Charge, 184.
 TURGOT : Compromise, 217.
 VAUGHAN, HENRY : The Retreat, 25 ; Departed, 283 ; Peace, 316.
 WALLER, EDMUND : Old Age, 304.
 WALTON, IZAAK : Wotton at Winchester, 50 ; 220 ; The Angler's Rest, 222 ; Two Good Anglers, 276.
 WATSON, WILLIAM : Vita Nuova, 158.
 WHITMAN, WALT : 142 ; The Brutes, 145 ; Night—and Carlyle Dying, 166 ; On the Beach at Night, 167 ; 174.
 WHITTIER : The Gate, 306.
 WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM : 190.
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM : 22 ; Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, 28 ; The Sister, 39 ; 96 ; Valedictory to the River Duddon, 135 ; On the Wye above Tintern Abbey, 152 ; Character of the Happy Warrior, 267.
 WOTTON, SIR HENRY : The Character of a Happy Life, 206.
 ZANGWILL, I. : Peterkin's Pudding, 227.

WHAN that Aprillē with his shourēs sote
The droghte of Marche hath percèd to the rote,
And bathèd every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweetē breeth
Inspirèd hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppēs, and the yongē sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfē cours y-ronne,
And smalē fowlēs maken melodye
That slepen at the night with open eye—
So priketh hem Nature in his corages—
Then longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

CHAUCER

THE earth may open, and the sea o'erwhelm—
Many the ways, the little home is one ;
Thither the courser leads, thither the helm,
And at one gate we meet when all is done.

BEDDOES

Now as they came up to these places, behold the Gardener stood in the way : to whom the Pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these ? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims.

BUNYAN

CHILDHOOD

ComE unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

SHAKESPEARE

YE blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee.

WORDSWORTH

Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés . . .

A Boy's Song

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

A CHILD

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadows, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

A Child

HE is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. . . .

We laugh at his foolish ports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived.

He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

JOHN EARLE

THE RETREAT

The Retreat

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face:
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity:
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to ev'ry sense;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
'That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd Spirit sees
'That shady City of Palm-trees.

FIRST-FRUITS

But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
Into that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN

First-Fruits

I

THOSE pure and virgin apprehensions I had in my infancy, and that divine light wherewith I was born, are the best unto this day wherein I can see the universe. By the gift of God they attended me into the world, and by His special favour I remember them till now. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

II

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints, or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All tears and quarrels were

FIRST-FRUITS

hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or exaction. In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God; I saw all in the peace of Eden; heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All time was Eternity and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

III

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverent creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels; I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties,¹ nor bounds nor divisions; but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world, which now I unlearn and become, as it were, a little child again, that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,

¹ Properties

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose ;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief :

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong :

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday ;—

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

A presence which is not to be put by;
 To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense of sight
 Of day or the warm light,
A place of thought where we in waiting lie;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE NURSE'S SONG

The Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the
green,

And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

‘Then come home, my children, the sun is gone
down,

And the dew of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.’

‘No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,

And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover’d with sheep.’

‘Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.’

—The little ones leap’d, and shouted, and laugh’d,
And all the hills echo’d.

WILLIAM BLAKE

Morning School

ALL over the world—and all under it, too, when
their time comes—the children are trooping to
school. The great globe swings round out of the
dark into the sun; there is always morning some-
where; and for ever in this shifting region of the
morning-light the good Altegans sees the little ones

MORNING SCHOOL

afoot—shining companies and groups, couples, and bright solitary figures; for they all seem to have a soft heavenly light about them!

He sees them in country lanes and rustic villages; on lonely moorlands, where narrow brown foot-tracks thread the expanse of green waste, and occasionally a hawk hovers overhead, or a mountain-ash hangs its scarlet berries above the huge fallen stones set up by the Druids in the old days; he sees them on the hillsides ('trails of little feet darkening the grass all hoary with dew,' he observes), in the woods, on the stepping-stones that cross the brook in the glen, along the sea-cliffs and on the wet ribbed sands; trespassing on the railway lines, making short cuts through the corn, sitting in ferry-boats; he sees them in the crowded streets of murky cities, in small rocky islands, in places far inland where the sea is known only as a strange tradition.

The morning-side of the planet is alive with them; one hears their pattering footsteps everywhere. And as the vast continents sweep 'eastering out of the high shadow which reaches beyond the moon,' and as new nations, with their cities and villages, their fields, woods, mountains, and sea-shores, rise up into the morning-side, lo! fresh troops, and still fresh troops of 'these small school-going people of the dawn'! . . .

What are weather and season to this incessant panorama of childhood? The pigmy people trudge through the snow on moor and hillside; wade down flooded roads; are not to be daunted by wind or rain, frost or the white smother of 'millers and bakers at fisti-

THE THOUGHT

cuffs.' Most beautiful picture of all, he sees them travelling schoolward by that late moonlight which now and again in the winter months precedes the early dawn.

WILLIAM CANTON

The Thought

INTO the skies, one summer's day,
I sent a little Thought away;
Up to where, in the blue round,
The sun sat shining without sound.

Then my Thought came back to me.—
Little Thought, what did you see
In the regions whence you come?
And when I spoke, my Thought was dumb.

But she breathed of what was there,
In the pure bright upper air;
And, because my Thought so shone,
I knew she had been shone upon.

Next, by night a Thought I sent
Up into the firmament;
When the eager stars were out,
And the still moon shone about.

And my Thought went past the moon
In between the stars, but soon
Held her breath and durst not stir,
For the fear that covered her;
Then she thought, in this demur:

THE SISTER

‘Dare I look beneath the shade,
Into where the worlds are made;
Where the suns and stars are wrought?
Shall I meet another Thought?’

‘Will that other Thought have wings?
Shall I meet strange, heavenly things?
Thought of Thoughts, and Light of Lights,
Breath of Breaths, and Night of Nights?’

Then my Thought began to hark
In the illuminated dark,
Till the silence, over, under,
Made her heart beat more than thunder.

And my Thought came trembling back,
But with something on her track,
And with something at her side;
Nor till she has lived and died,
Lived and died, and lived again,
Will that awful thing seem plain.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

The Sister

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discover’d sight
Gleam’d like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and shelter’d bed,

TO HIS SAVIOUR

The sparrow's dwelling, which hard by
My father's house in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She look'd at it and seem'd to fear it ;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it ;
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy ;
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

To His Saviour, a Child : a Present by a Child

GO, pretty Child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour ;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher ;
And tell Him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charm His cries at time of need.

THE TOYS

Tell Him for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, He should have one;
And poor thou art, and known to be
Ever as moneyless as He.

ROBERT HERRICK

A Child's Grace

HERE a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK

The Toys

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.

THE TOYS

And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So, when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

COVENTRY PATMORE

YOUTH

DAYS, when the ball of our vision
Had eagles that flew unabash'd to sun;
When the grasp on the bow was decision,
And arrow and hand and eye were one !

GEORGE MEREDITH

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
Ecclesiastes

WHAT? Know ye not that your body is the temple
of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of
God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought
with a price : therefore glorify God in your body and
in your spirit, which are God's.

SAINT PAUL

Invocation to Youth

COME then, as ever, like the wind at morning!
Joyous, O Youth, in the agèd world renew
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars and clouds, light and the sacred dew.
The strong sun shines above thee :
That strength, that radiance bring!
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring?

LAURENCE BINYON

From 'Saul'

OH, the wild joys of living! the leaping from
rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the
cool silver shock
Of the plunge in the pool's living water, the hunt of
the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couch'd in his
lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellow'd over with gold
dust divine,
And the locust flesh steep'd in the pitcher, the full
draught of wine,

PRAYERS

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bul-
rushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly
and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to
employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in
joy!

ROBERT BROWNING

Prayers

GOD who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night
Take the strength of a man.

FOUNDER'S DAY

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.

H. C. BEECHING

Founder's Day. A Secular Ode on the Ninth Jubilee of Eton College

CHRIST and His Mother, heavenly maid,
Mary, in whose fair name was laid
Eton's corner, bless our youth
With truth, and purity, mother of truth!

O ye, 'neath breezy skies of June,
By silver Thames's lulling tune,
In shade of willow or oak, who try
The golden gates of poesy;

Or on the tabled sward all day
Match your strength in England's play,
Scholars of Henry, giving grace
To toil and force in game or race;

FOUNDER'S DAY

Exceed the prayer and keep the fame
Of him, the sorrowful king, who came
Here in his realm a realm to found,
Where he might stand for ever crown'd.

Or whether with naked bodies flashing
Ye plunge in the lashing weir; or dashing
The oars of cedar skiffs, ye strain
Round the rushes and home again;—

Or what pursuit soe'er it be
That makes your mingled presence free,
When by the schoolgate 'neath the limes
Ye muster waiting the lazy chimes;

May Peace, that conquereth sin and death,
Temper for you her sword of faith;
Crown with honour the loving eyes,
And touch with mirth the mouth of the wise.

Here is eternal spring: for you
The very stars of heaven are new;
And aged Fame again is born,
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravish'd soul,
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best:
Each in one thing excel the rest:

FOUNDER'S DAY

Strive; and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given.

Slow on your dial the shadows creep,
So many hours for food and sleep,
So many hours till study tire,
So many hours for heart's desire.

These suns and moons shall memory save,
Mirrors bright for her magic cave;
Wherein may steadfast eyes behold
A self that never groweth old.

O in such prime enjoy your lot,
And when ye leave regret it not;
With wishing gifts in festal state
Pass ye the angel-sworded gate.

Then to the world let shine your light,
Children in play be lions in fight,
And match with red immortal deeds
The victory that made ring the meads:

Or by firm wisdom save your land
From giddy head and grasping hand:
IMPROVE THE BEST; so shall your sons
Better what ye have better'd once.

Send them here to the court of grace
Bearing your name to fill your place:
Ye in their time shall live again
The happy dream of Henry's reign.

WOTTON AT WINCHESTER

And on his day your steps be bent
Where, saint and king, crown'd with content,
He biddeth a prayer to bless his youth
With truth, and purity, mother of truth.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Wotton at Winchester

HE yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which School he was first removed from Bocton [where he was born and spent his childhood]. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey: ‘How useful was that advice of a holy Monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that School, and seeing the very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares: and those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, “*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*” Nevertheless I saw there a

PATER FILIO

succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.'

ISAAC WALTON

Life of Sir Henry Wotton

Pater Filio

SENSE with keenest edge unused,
Yet unsteel'd by scathing fire;
Lovely feet as yet unbruised
On the ways of dark desire;
Sweetest hope that lookest smiling
O'er the wilderness defiling?

Why such beauty, to be blighted
By the swarm of foul destruction?
Why such innocence delighted,
When sin stalks to thy seduction?
All the litanies e'er chaunted
Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

I have pray'd the sainted Morning
To unclasp her hands to hold thee;
From resignful Eve's adorning
Stol'n a robe of peace to enfold thee;
With all charms of man's contriving
Arm'd thee for thy lonely striving.

TO H. F. B.

Me too once unthinking Nature
—Whence Love's timeless mockery took me—
Fashion'd so divine a creature,
Yea, and like a beast forsook me.
I forgave, but tell the measure
Of her crime in thee, my treasure.

ROBERT BRIDGES

To H. F. B.

BRAVE lads in olden musical centuries
Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
Sat late by alehouse doors in April
Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising:

Moon-seen and merry, under the trellises,
Flush-faced they played with old polysyllables;
Spring scents inspired, old wine diluted,
Love and Apollo were there to chorus.

Now these, the songs, remain to eternity,
Those, only those, the bountiful choristers
Gone—those are gone, those unremember'd
Sleep and are silent in earth for ever.

So man himself appears and evanishes,
So smiles and goes; as wanderers halting at
Some green-embower'd house, play their music,
Play and are gone on the windy highway;

HEY NONNY NO !

Yet dwells the strain enshrined in the memory
Long after they departed eternally,
Forth-faring tow'rd far mountain summits,
Cities of men on the sounding Ocean.

Youth sang the song in years immemorial;
Brave chanticleer, he sang and was beautiful;
Bird-haunted green tree-tops in springtime
Heard and were pleased by the voice of singing :

Youth goes and leaves behind him a prodigy—
Songs sent by thee afar from Venetian
Sea-grey lagunes, sea-paven highways,
Dear to me here in my Alpine exile.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Hey nonny no !

HHEY nonny no !
Men are fools that wish to die !
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring ?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no !
When the winds blow and the seas flow ?
Hey nonny no !

ANONYMOUS

THE BARGAIN

The Bargain

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his.
By just exchange one for another given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Crabbèd Age and Youth

CRABBÈD Age and Youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

COLLIGE ROSAS

Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Collige Rosas

O GATHER me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever,
The worm Regret will canker on,
And Time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

THE FORE-RUNNERS

Manibus date lilia plenis.

THOSE whom the Gods love die young.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads who wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran,
And the name died before the man.

A. E. HOUSMAN

God's Chosen

BUT though the righteous be prevented with death,
yet shall he be in rest.

For honourable age is not that which standeth in
length of time,

Nor that is measured by number of years :

But wisdom is the gray hair unto men,

And an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God, and was beloved of Him :

So that living among sinners he was translated.

Yea speedily was he taken away, lest that wicked-
ness should alter his understanding,

Or deceit beguile his soul.

He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a
long time :

For his soul pleased the Lord . . .

This the people saw, and understood it not,

Neither laid they up this in their minds,

That His grace and mercy is with His saints,

And that He hath respect unto His chosen.

Wisdom of Solomon

THE STORY OF CLEOBIS AND BITON

The Story of Cleobis and Biton

IN the kingdom of Argos there lived two brothers, Cleobis and Biton—young men, well to do, and withal of great strength of body, so that each had been a victor in the public games. Now once, when the Argives were keeping a festival of the goddess Hera, their mother had need to be drawn to the temple in a chariot, but the oxen did not come from the field in time. The young men, therefore, seeing that the hour was late, put the yoke on their own necks and drew the car in which their mother sat, and brought her to the temple, which was forty-five stades away. This they did in the sight of the assembled people; and the men commended their strength, while the women called her blessed to be the mother of such sons. But she, overjoyed at the deed and its renown, entered the temple and standing before the image of Hera, prayed the goddess to grant to Cleobis and Biton, her two sons, the greatest boon which could fall to man. After she had prayed, and they had sacrificed and eaten of the feast, the young men sat down in the temple and fell asleep, and never awoke again, but so made an end with life. In this manner the blessing came to them; and the men of Argos caused statues of them to be made and dedicated at Delphi, for a memorial of their piety.

HERODOTUS

THE PREDESTINED

The Predestined

THEY are strange. As children, life seems nearer to them than to other children; they appear to suspect nothing, and yet is there in their eyes so profound a certainty that we feel they must know all, that there must have been evenings when they found time to tell themselves their secret. At the moment when their brothers are still groping their way blindly in the mysterious land between birth and life, they have already understood; they are erect, ready with hand and soul. In all haste, but wisely and with minute care, do they prepare themselves to live; and this very haste is a sign upon which mothers, the discreet unsuspected confidants of all that cannot be told, can scarce bring themselves to look.

Their stay among us is often so short that we are unconscious of their presence; they go away without saying a word, and are for ever unknown to us. But others there are who linger for a moment, who look at us with an eager smile, and seem to be on the point of confessing that they know all; and then, towards their twentieth year, they leave us, hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had chosen the wrong dwelling-place, and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know. . . .

I have known many whom the same death was leading by the hand, and when my memory dwells upon them I see a band of children, of youths and

THE OLD MARGATE HOY

maidens, who seem to be all coming forth from the same house. A strange fraternity unites them : it may be that they recognise each other by birthmarks we cannot discover, that they furtively exchange solemn signals of silence. They are the eager children of precocious death. At school we were vaguely conscious of them. They seemed to be at the same time seeking and avoiding each other, like people who are afflicted with the same infirmity. They were to be seen together, in remote corners of the garden, under the trees. Their mysterious smile flew fitfully across their lips, and there lurked a gravity beneath, a curious fear lest a secret should escape. Silence would almost always fall upon them when those who were to live drew near. Were they already speaking of the event, or did they know that the event was speaking through them, and in their despite? Were they forming a circle round it, and trying to keep it hidden from indifferent eyes?

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Old Margate Hoy

ALL this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile : and if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard

TO SIR LUCIUS CAREY

the bell of dinner ring without stirring ; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in ; provision for the one or two days and nights to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we heard that he was going to Margate with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure ; and when we asked him whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, ‘ he *had* no friends.’

CHARLES LAMB

To Sir Lucius Carey : of his friend Sir H. Morison

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measure life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

THE SOLDIER

The Soldier

I WATCH'D him sleep by the furrow—
The first that fell in the fight:
His grave they would dig to-morrow:
The battle call'd them to-night.

They bore him back to the trees there,
By his undigg'd grave, content
To lie at his cool dead ease there,
And list how the battle went.

The battle went by the village,
And back through the night were borne
Sharp cries of murder and pillage,
And fire in the standing corn.

But when they came on the morrow
They talk'd not over their task,
While he listen'd there by the furrow,
And his dead lips could not ask—

How went the battle, my brothers?
But that he will never know:
For his mouth the red earth smothers,
And they shoulder their spades to go.

And he cannot sleep thereunder,
And ever must toss and turn:
How went the battle, I wonder?
—But that he will never learn.

Roumanian Peasant Song

FORE-RUNNERS

Fore-runners

LONG I follow'd happy guides,
I could never reach their sides ;
Their step is forth and ere the day
Breaks up their leaguer and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet ;
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent ;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace ;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mix'd with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers,
Who the road had surely kept ;
They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had cross'd them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they return'd,
At the house where these sojourn'd.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken ;

FORE-RUNNERS

In sleep their jubilant troop is near—
I tuneful voices overhear,
It may be in wood or waste—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward and long after
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DIVINE LOVE

SET me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm :
For love is strong as death ;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave :
The flashes thereof are flashes of fire,
A very flame of the Lord.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the flood drown it ;
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
He would utterly be contemned.

The Song of Songs (Revised Version)

My blood so red
For thee was shed,
Come home again, come home again !
My own sweet heart, come home again !
You've gone astray
Out of your way—
Come home again, come home again !

ANONYMOUS

Divine Love

I

MY beloved spake and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come
away.

For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land:
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good
smell.

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,
In the secret places of the stairs,
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.
Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines;
For our vines have tender grapes.
My beloved is mine, and I am his:
He feedeth among the lilies.
Until the day break and the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young
hart
Upon the mountains of Bether.

DIVINE LOVE

II

I sleep, but my heart waketh :

It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled :

For my head is filled with dew,

And my locks with the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat ; how shall I put it on ?

I have washed my feet ; how shall I defile them ?

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,

And my bowels were moved for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved ;

And my hands dropped with myrrh,

And my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh

Upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved ;

But my love had withdrawn himself and was gone.

My soul had failed me when he spake :

I sought him, but I could not find him ;

I called him, but he gave me no answer.

The watchman that went about the city found me,

They smote me, they wounded me ;

The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved,

That ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

The Song of Songs

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

Quia Amore Languéo

IN a valley of this restless mind
I sought in mountain and in mead,
Trusting a true love for to find.
Upon an hill then took I heed;
A voice I heard (and near I yede¹)
In great dolour complaining tho:
See, dear soul, how my sides bleed
Quia amore languéo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,
Under a tree a man sitting;
From head to foot wounded was he;
His heart's blood I saw bleeding:
A seemly man to be a king,
A gracious face to look unto.
I asked why he had paining:
[He said] *Quia amore languéo.*

I am true love that false was never;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
Because we would in no wise dis sever
I left my kingdom glorious.
I purvey'd her a palace full precious;
She fled, I follow'd, I loved her so
That I suffered this pain piteous
Quia amore languéo.

¹ Went

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

My fair love and my spouse bright!
I saved her from beating, and she hath me bet¹;
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light;
This bloody shirt she hath on me set;
For longing of love yet would I not let;
Sweetë strokes are thesë: lo!
I have loved her ever as I her het,²

Quia amore langueo.

I crown'd her with bliss, and she me with thorn;
I led her to chamber, and she me to die;
I brought her to worship, and she me to scorn;
I did her reverence, and she me villany.
To love that loveth is no maistry;
Her hate made never my love her foe:
Ask me then no question why—

Quia amore langueo.

Look unto mine handës, man!
These gloves were given me when I her sought;
They be not white, but red and wan;
Embroider'd with blood my spouse them brought.
They will not off: I loose hem nought;
I woo her with hem wherever she go.
These hands for her so friendly fought

Quia amore langueo.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still,
Sec, love hath shod me wonder strait:

¹ Beaten

² Promised

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

Buckled my feet, as was her will,
With sharpë nails (well thou may'st wait!).
In my love was never desait;
All my membres I have open'd her to;
My body I made her herte's bait¹

Quia amore languet.

In my side I have made her nest;
Look in, how weet² a wound is here!
This is her chamber, here shall she rest
That she and I may sleep in fere.³
Here may she wash, if any filth were,
Here is seat for all her wo;
Come when she will, she shall have cheer

Quia amore languet.

I will abide till she be ready,
I will her sue if she say nay;
If she be retchless, I will be greedy;
If she be dangerous, I will her pray;
If she weep, then bide I ne may:
Mine arms ben spread to clip her me to.
Cry once, I come: now soul, assay!

Quia amore languet.

Fair love, let us go play:
Apples ben ripe in my gardyne.
I shall thee clothe in a new array,
Thy meat shall be milk honey and wine.

¹ Resting-place

² Wet

³ Together

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

Fair love, let us go dine :
Thy sustenance is in my crippë,¹ lo !
Tarry thou not, my fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul, I shall thee make clean ;
If thou be sick, I shall thee heal ;
If thou mourn aught, I shall thee mene ;²
Why wilt thou not, fair love, with me deal ?
Foundest thou ever love so leal ?
What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do ?
I may not unkindly thee appeal,
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse,
But abide her of my gentleness,
Till that she look out of her house
Of fleshly affection ? Love mine she is ;
Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
Her chamber is chosen ; is there none mo.
Look out on me at the window of kindness,
Quia amore langueo.

My love is in her chamber : hold your peace !
Make ye no noise but let her sleep.
My babe I would not were in disease,
I would not hear my dear child weep.
With my pap I shall her keep ;
Ne marvel ye not though I tend her to :
This wound in my side had ne'er be so deep
But *Quia amore langueo.*

¹ Scrip, wallet

² Cure for

THE INVITATION

Long thou for love never so high,
My love is more than thine may be.
Thou weepest, thou gladdest, I sit thee by :
Yet wouldest thou once, love, look unto me !
Should I always feedë thee
With children meat? Nay, love, not so !
I will prove thy love with adversitè
Quia amore langueo.

Wax not weary, mine own wife !
What mede¹ is aye to live in comfort?
In tribulation I reign more rife,
Ofter times than in disport.
In weal and in woe I am aye to support :
Mine own wife, go not me fro !
Thy mead is marked, when thou are mort :
Quia amore langueo.

ANONYMOUS (15th Cent.)

The Invitation

TARY no longer ; toward thyn heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good chere.
Go ech day onward on thy pilgrimage,
Thynk how short time thou shalt abyde here.
Thy place is bigg'd² above the sterrës clere,
None erthly paleys wrought in so statly wyse.
Come on, my frend, my brother most entere,—
For thee I offred my blood in sacryfice.

JOHN LYDGATE

¹ Profit

² Built

CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Christ Crucified

THY restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont. What though
They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,
Yet will Thy hand still giving be;
It gives, but O, itself's the gift!
It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Man with Three Friends

A Story told in the 'Gesta Romanorum'

TO one full sound and quietly
That slept, there came a heavy cry,
'Awake! arise! for thou hast slain
A man.'

'Yea, have I to mine own pain,'
He answered; 'but of ill intent
And malice am I, that naught forecast,
As is the babe innocent.'

'From sudden anger our strife grew.
I hated not, in times past,
Him whom unwittingly I slew.'

THE MAN WITH THREE FRIENDS

‘If it be thus indeed, thy case
Is hard,’ they said; ‘for thou must die,
Unless with the Judge thou canst find grace.

Hast thou, in thine extremity,
Friends soothfast, for thee to plead?’

Then said he, ‘I have friends three:
One¹ whom in word, and will, and deed,
From my youth I have served and loved before
Mine own soul, and for him striven;
To him was all I got given;
And the longer I lived, I have loved him more.

‘And another² have I, whom, sooth to tell,
I love as I love mine own heart well,
And the third,³ I cannot now call
To mind that ever loved at all
He hath been of me, or in aught served;
And yet, maybe, he hath well deserved
That I should love him with the rest.

‘Now will I first to the one loved best.’ . . .
—Said the first, ‘And art thou so sore bestead?
See, I have gain’d of cloth good store,
So will I give thee three ells and more
(If more thou needest) when thou art dead,
To wrap thee. Now hie away from my door;
I have friends many, and little room.’

¹ The world

² Wife and children

³ Christ

THE WAY, THE LIGHT, THE LIFE

And the next made answer weeping sore,
'We will go with thee to the place of doom :
There must we leave thee evermore.'

'Alack,' said the man, 'and well-a-day !'

But the third only answer'd, 'Yea' :
And while the man spake, all to start soon,
Knelt down and buckled on his shoon,
And said, 'By thee in the Judgment Hall
I will stand and hear what the Judge decree ;
And if it be death, I will die with thee,
Or for thee, as it may befall.'

DORA GREENWELL

The Way, the Light, the Life

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face ? O why
Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny
The sunshine of the Sun's enlivening eye ?

Without thy light, what light remains in me ?
'Thou art my life ; my way, my light's in thee ;
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

'Thou art my life—if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not but stray.

My light thou art—without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night.
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

THE WAY, THE LIGHT, THE LIFE

Thou art my way ; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my life ; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see :
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to that light?—and who's that light but thee?

If I have lost my path, dear Lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray ;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay.
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me !
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me !
Speak—art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely :
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay !
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray !
—O thou that art my life, my light, my way !

Then work thy will ! If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey, my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee !

FRANCIS QUARLES

ST. AGNES' EVE

St. Agnes' Eve

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;

LOVE

All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

LORD TENNYSON

Love

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew
back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

‘A guest,’ I answered, ‘worthy to be here.’
Love said, ‘You shall be he.’
‘I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.’
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
‘Who made the eyes but I?’

LOVE

‘Truth, Lord; but I have marr’d them: let my
shame

Go where it doth deserve.’

‘And know you not,’ says Love, ‘who bore the
blame?’

‘My dear, then I will serve.’

‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste my meat.’
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT

HUMANE LOVE

L'AMOR che move il sole e l'altre stelle.

DANTE

As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

Old Ballad

THE goodly gate swung oft with many gods
Going and coming, and the spice-winds blew
Music and murmurings, and paradise
Well'd over and enrich'd the outer wild.

DOBELL

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.

SHAKESPEARE

The Invocation

O LYRIC Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holiest blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reach'd thee amid thy chambers, blanch'd their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail them, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

ROBERT BROWNING

WOOING SONG

Wooing Song

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas:
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play.
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be!

See, see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all the virgin rose
That as bright Aurora shows;
How they all unleavèd die,
Losing their virginity!

SILVIA

Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away;
There is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose!
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine:
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be!

GILES FLETCHER

Silvia

WHO is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

TO ANTHEA

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*To Anthea, who may command him
Anything*

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

MARY MORISON

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stour,¹
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:

¹ Dust, turmoil

THE INDIAN SERENADE

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye arena Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wiltna gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS

The Indian Serenade

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak's odours pine
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

IN A GONDOLA

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
O belovèd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die ! I faint ! I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast :
O press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

In a Gondola

THE moth's kiss, first !
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up ; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now !
Kiss me as if you enter'd gay
My heart at some noonday,

THE ECSTASY

A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is render'd up,
And passively its shatter'd cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING

The Ecstasy

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cèmented
By a fast balm which thence did spring ;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one ;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance our state
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

THE TRIUMPH

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

JOHN DONNE

The Triumph

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

THE VINE

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON

The Vine

THE wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song:
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long:

Sits long and arises drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine;
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great, rich Vine.

JAMES THOMSON

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

A FRIEND and companion never meet amiss : but above
both is wife with her husband.

Ecclesiasticus

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον
ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔκητον
ἀνὴρ ἡδὲ γυνή.

HOMER

MARRIAGE has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

JOHNSON, *Rasselas*

THIS ring, so worn as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold :
The passion such it was to prove—
Worn with life's care, love yet was love.

GEORGE CRABBE

CHILDREN sweeten labours ; but they make Misfortunes
more bitter. They increase the Cares of Life ; but they
mitigate the Remembrance of Death.

BACON

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is join'd through some dear homeborn tie !
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.

WORDSWORTH

Praise of Women

NO thyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys love in good manèr.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There her love right and stedfast ys.
There ys no solas under hevене
Of allë that a man may nevene
That shulde a man so mochë glew
As a gode womman that loveth true.
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE

Epithalamion

YE learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyèd in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:

EPITHALAMION

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayes to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spread,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead¹ that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,

¹ Torch

EPITHALAMION

And of the sea that neighbours to her neare :
Al with gay girlands goodly well beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt :
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell ;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take ;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre ;

EPITHALAMION

And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming near;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock¹ warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.

¹ Redbreast

EPITHALAMION

Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho
ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refus;e;

EPITHALAMION

But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,¹
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weeene

¹ Violin

EPITHALAMION

Some angell she had beene.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,

Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;

And, being crownèd with a girland greene,

Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.

Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold

So many gazers as on her do stare,

Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;

Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,

But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,

So farre from being proud.

Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see

So fayre a creature in your towne before ;

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,

Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store ?

Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,

Her forehead yvory white,

Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,

Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,

Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncruddled,

Her paps lyke lyllies budded,

Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;

And all her body like a pallace fayre,

Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,

To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.

Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,

Upon her so to gaze,

EPITHALAMION

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mafeul hed.

There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view;

EPITHALAMION

Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Beholde, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

EPITHALAMOIN

Now al is done : bring home the bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine ;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine ;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best :
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day :
This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,

EPITHALAMION

And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend ?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
Haste thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westernne fome :
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring !

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past ;
Enough it is that all the day was youres :
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.

EPITHALAMION

The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odour'd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us cnwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seekc us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great T'irynthian groome:

EPITHALAMION

Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yong men cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shrieck Oule or the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels;
Nor damnèd ghosts, cald up with mighty spells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,

EPITHALAMION

Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealthes shal worke, and snares shal
spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:

Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?

O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:

For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.

Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:

EPITHALAMION

Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eeke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
'Til which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,

MARRIAGE

And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount ;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing :
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring !

*Song ! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens ;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse monument.*

EDMUND SPENSER

Marriage

MARRIAGE is a school and exercise of virtue ;
and though marriage hath cares, yet the single
life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more
dangerous, and often end in sin ; while the cares are
but instances of duty and exercises of piety ; and there-
fore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet
marriage hath more necessities and more variety of it,
and is an exercise of more graces.

WHEN LOVE MEETS LOVE

Marriage is the proper sense of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre; marriage is the nursery of Heaven. . . .

Marriage is the mother of the world, and possesses kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and Heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR

When Love meets Love

WHEN love meets love, breast urged to breast,
God interposes
An unacknowledged guest,
And leaves a little child among our roses.
We love, God makes: in our sweet mirth
God spies occasion for a birth.
Then is it His, or is it ours?
I know not—He is fond of flowers.

T. E. BROWN

THE HUSBAND

The Husband

THERE is nothing can please a man without love ; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise ; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love. No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents makes a man's heart dance in the pretty conversations of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows ; and blessing itself cannot make him happy : so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.

JEREMY TAYLOR

Cradle Song

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

CRADLE SONG

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful night shall break.

WILLIAM BLAKE

HOUSE AND GARDEN

Do not hang your house round with tablets and pictures, but with the beauty of temperance.

EPICETUS

IN banquets remember that you entertain two guests, body and soul.

EPICETUS

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine : but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Proverbs of Solomon

ALWAY be merry if thou may,
But wastē not thy good alway :
Have hat of flowers fresh as May,
Chapelet of roses of Whitsonday,
For sich array ne costneth but lyte.

Romaunt of the Rose

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
Nay, but I have a sign :
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T. E. BROWN

Wishes

GO little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Wine of Life

I HAVE often thought that, as longevity is generally desired, and I believe generally expected, it would be wise to be continually adding to the number of our friends, that the loss of some may be supplied by others. Friendship, 'the wine of life,' should like a well-stocked cellar be thus continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous *first-growths* of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it very mellow and pleasant. *Warmth* will, no doubt,

TO MR. LAWRENCE

make a considerable difference. Men of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are cold and dull.

The proposition which I have now endeavoured to illustrate was, at a subsequent period of his life, the opinion of Johnson himself. He said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship *in constant repair*.'

JAMES BOSWELL

To Mr. Lawrence

LAWRENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are
mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

JOHN MILTON

THE HOLY TIDE

To Cyriack Skinner

CYRIACK, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench :
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes ;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

JOHN MILTON

The Holy Tide

THE days are sad, it is the Holy tide :
The Winter morn is short, the Night is long ;
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified
With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song :
And through the sunset of this purple cup
They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime !

OF GARDENS

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide :

Be dusky mistletoes and Hollies strown,
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown ;
No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth

Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,
'Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

Of Gardens

AND because the Breath of Flowers is farre Sweeter in the Aire (where it comes and goes like the Warbling of Musick) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the Flowers and Plants that doe best perfume the Aire. Roses Damask and Red are fast Flowers of their Smells, so that you may walke by a whole Row of them and find Nothing of their Sweetnesse; yea, though it be in a Morning's Dew. Bayes likewise yeeld no Smell as they grow; Rosemary little; nor Sweet-Marjoram. That which above all Others yeelds the Sweetest Smell in the Aire is the Violet; specially the White-double Violet, which comes twice a Yeare, about the middle of Aprill, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the Muske-Rose; then the Strawberry-Leaves dying, with a most Excellent Cordiall Smell. Then the Flower of the Vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a Bent, which growes upon the Cluster in the first

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

comming forth. Then Sweet Briar. Then Wall-Flowers, which are very Delightfull, to be set under a Parler or Lower Chamber Window. Then Pincks and Gilly-Flowers, specially the Matted Pinck and Clove Gilly-Flower. Then the Flowers of the Lime tree. Then the Honey-suckles, so they be somewhat a-farre off. Of Beane Flowers I speake not, because they are Field Flowers. But those which perfume the Aire most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being Trodden upon and Crushed, are Three: that is, Burnet, Wild-Time, and Water-Mints. Therefore you are to set whole Allies of them, to have the Pleasure when you walke or tread.

FRANCIS BACON

Thoughts in a Garden

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!

ANDREW MARVELL

WORK AND THE DAILY ROUND

AWAKE, my Soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

BISHOP KEN

A SERVANT with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and the action, fine.

GEORGE HERBERT

GIVE us this day our daily bread

Waking

IN the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes: and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.

JEREMY TAYLOR

To the Comtesse de Gramont

I THINK you should try, without any painful effort, to dwell upon God as often as a longing for recollection, and regret that you cannot cultivate it more, comes over you. It will not do to wait for disengaged seasons, when you can close your door and be alone. The moment in which we crave after recollection is that in which to practise it; turn your heart then and there to God simply familiarly and trustfully. The most interrupted seasons may be used thus; not merely when you are out driving, but when you are dressing, having your hair arranged—even when you are eating and when others are talking. . . . A passing thought of God during mealtimes (especially when they are long, and

OUR DAILY BREAD

with considerable intervals) will be very profitable in helping you to resist self-indulgence and your exceeding fastidiousness. Besides, in the first hungry beginning of a meal there is often not much conversation, and then you can turn your thoughts to God. But all this should be done naturally as the inclination arises, and not constrainedly.

FÉNELON

Our Daily Bread

I HOPE, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men:—to work for it, and I hope to pray for it too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie.* Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labour with a stouter heart: as he creeps to his rest when the day's labour is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it unto night.—How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed

SLEEP

with the dawning light and, as the luminary appeared, the boatman knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labour. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the labourer.

W. M. THACKERAY

Sleep

SLEEP is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu unto the World, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light:
Keep still in my Horizon; for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples Sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close;
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.

SLEEP

While I do rest, my Soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a death: O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsie days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

This is the Dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other Laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

DIVINITY IN MAN

THE Kingdom of God is within you.

TOT circa unum caput tumultuantes Deos . . .
Quid aliud est anima quam Deus in corpore humano
hospitans ?

SENECA

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it
will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.

MARCUS AURELIUS

LET me ever worship the great God of this little
god, my soule.

HENRY MONTAGU, EARL OF MANCHESTER

You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea
itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with
the heavens and crowned with the stars.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

God created Man in His image—and Man made haste
to return the compliment.

HEINE

If Children, then Heirs

IF a man should be able to assent to this doctrine as he ought, that we are all sprung from God in an especial manner, and that God is the father both of men and of gods, I suppose that he would never have any ignoble or mean thoughts about himself. If Cæsar¹ should adopt you, no one could endure your arrogance. What, then, and if you know you are the son of God, will you not be elated? Yet we do not so; but while these two things are mingled in the generation of man—body in common with the animals, and reason and intelligence in common with the gods—many incline to this kinship which is miserable and mortal, and some few to that which is divine and happy.

EPICTETUS

Valedictory to the River Duddon

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away—vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;

¹ *i.e.* the Emperor.

THE UNIVERSAL IN MAN

Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ;
The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough if something from our hand have power
To live and act and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower
We feel that we are greater than we know.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Universal in Man

THERE is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think ; what a saint has felt, he may feel ; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. . . . Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Every step in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one

THE UNIVERSAL IN MAN

man's mind; and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is a key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion; and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age. . . .

It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures—in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius—anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters; but rather it is true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. All that Shakespeare says of a king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in a corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathise in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities, of men; because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded. . . .

A wise and good soul, therefore, never needs look for allusions personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character; yea, further, in every fact that befalls,—in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A COMPENDIUM

A Compendium

I KNOW my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet she is blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man—
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

Christianity: Pride and Humility

NO other religion has recognised that man is the most excellent creature. Some, which have quite recognised the reality of his excellence, have considered as mean and ungrateful the low opinions which men naturally have of themselves; and others, which have thoroughly recognised how real is this vileness, have treated with proud ridicule those feelings of greatness which are equally natural to man.

'Lift up your eyes to God,' say the first; 'see Him whom you resemble, and who has created you to worship Him. You can make yourselves like unto Him; wisdom will make you equal to Him, if you will follow it.' 'Raise your heads, free men,' says Epictetus. And others say, 'Bend your eyes to the

CHRISTIANITY: PRIDE AND HUMILITY

earth, wretched worm that you are, and consider the brutes, whose companion you are. . . .’

The Christian religion alone has been able to cure these two vices, not by expelling the one through means of the other according to the wisdom of the world, but by expelling both according to the simplicity of the Gospel. For it teaches the righteous that it raises them even to a participation in divinity itself; that in this lofty state they still carry the source of all corruption, which renders them during all their life subject to error, misery, death, and sin; and it proclaims to the most ungodly that they are capable of the grace of their Redeemer. So making those tremble whom it justifies, and consoling those whom it condemns, religion so justly tempers fear with hope through that double capacity of grace and of sin, common to all, that it humbles infinitely more than reason alone can do, but without despair; and it exalts infinitely more than natural pride, but without inflating: thus making it evident that above being exempt from error and vice, it alone fulfils the duty of instructing and correcting men.

BLAISE PASCAL

NATURE

EVERYTHING harmonises with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early or too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt thou not say, Dear city of Zeus?

MARCUS AURELIUS
(Long's translation)

Logic and sermons never convince;
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

WALT WHITMAN

Wood-notes

WHOSO walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within.
From the old adhering sin,
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight :
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous ;
Nor mad, athirst nor garrulous ;
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with pure radiance down ;
All constellations of the sky
Shall shed their virtue through his eye.
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence ;
The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be ;
He shall meet the speeding year
Without wailing, without fear ;

JOY

He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;
He shall be happy while he woos,
Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone on the ground.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Joy

O LADY! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth.
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music of the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

THE BRUTES

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Brutes

I THINK I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self-contain'd;

I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for
their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to
God;

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the
mania of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole
earth.

WALT WHITMAN

MELAMPUS

Melampus

I

WITH love exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody
wreck ;

Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
From branch to branch, only restrful to pipe and
peck ;

Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball ;
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny
hook ;

The good physician Melampus, loving them all,
Among them walk'd, as a scholar who reads a
book.

II

For him the woods were a home and gave him the
key

Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs
and flowers.

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with
ours :

And where alike we are, unlike where, and the vein'd
Division, vein'd parallel, of a blood that flows

In them, in us, from the source by man unattain'd
Save marks he well what the mystical woods dis-
close :

MELAMPUS

III

And this he deem'd might be boon of love to a breast
Embracing tenderly each little motive shape,
The prone, the flitting, who seek their food whither
best

Their wits direct, whither best from their foes
escape.

For closer drawn to our mother's natural milk,
As babes they learn where her motherly help is great:
They know the juice for the honey, juice for the silk,
And need they medical antidotes, find them straight.

IV

Of earth and sun they are wise, they nourish their
broods,

Weave, build, hive, burrow and battle, take joy and
pain

Like swimmers varying billows: never in woods
Runs white insanity fleeing itself: all sane
The woods revolve: as the tree its shadowing limns
To some resemblance in motion, the rooted life
Restrains disorder: you hear the primitive hymns
Of earth in woods issue wild of the web of strife.

V

Now sleeping once on a day of marvellous fire,
A brood of snakes he had cherish'd in grave regret
That death his people had dealt their dam and their sire,
Through savage dread of them, crept to his neck,
and set

MELAMPUS

Their tongues to lick him: the swift affectionate
tongue

Of each ran licking the slumberer: then his ears
A fork'd red tongue tickled shrewdly: sudden up-
sprung,

He heard a voice piping: Ay, for he has no fears!

VI

A bird said that, in the notes of birds, and the speech
Of men, it seem'd: and another renew'd: He
moves

To learn and not to pursue, he gathers to teach;

He feeds his young as do we, and as we love loves.
No fears have I of a man who goes with his head

To earth, chance looking aloft at us, kind of hand:
I feel to him as to earth of whom we are fed;

I pipe him much for his good could he understand.

VII

Melampus touch'd at his ears, laid finger on wrist:

He was not dreaming, he sensibly felt and heard.
Above, through leaves, where the tree-twigs inter-
twist,

He spied the birds and the bill of the speaking bird.
His cushion mosses in shades of various green,

The lump'd, the antler'd, he press'd, while the
sunny snake

Slipp'd under: draughts he had drunk of clear Hippo-
crene,

It seem'd, and sat with a gift of the Gods awake.

MELAMPUS

VIII

Divinely thrill'd was the man, exultingly full,
As quick well-waters that come of the heart of
earth,
Ere yet they dart in a brook are one bubble-pool
To light and sound, wedding both at the leap of
birth.
The soul of light vivid shone, a stream within stream;
The soul of sound from a musical shell outflow;
Where others hear but a hum and see but a beam,
The tongue and eye of the fountain of life he knew.

IX

He knew the Hours: they were round him, laden
with seed
Of hours bestrewn upon vapour, and one by one
They wing'd as ripen'd in fruit the burden decreed
For each to scatter; they flush'd like the buds in
sun,
Bequeathing seed to successive similar rings,
Their sisters, bearers to men of what men have
earn'd:
He knew them, talk'd with the yet unredde'd; the
stings,
The sweets, they warm'd at their bosoms divined,
discern'd.

X

Not unsolicited, sought by diligent feet,
By riddling fingers expanded, oft watch'd in growth

MELAMPUS

With brooding deep as the noon-ray's quickening
wheat,
Ere touch'd, the pendulous flower of the plants of
sloth,
The plants of rigidity, answer'd question and squeeze,
Revealing wherefore it bloom'd uninviting, bent,
Yet making harmony breathe of life and disease,
The deeper chord of a wonderful instrument.

XI

So pass'd he luminous-eyed for earth and the fates
We arm to bruise or caress us: his ears were
charged
With tones of love in a whirl of voluble hates,
With music wrought of distraction his heart enlarged.
Celestial-shining, though mortal, singer, though mute,
He drew the Master of harmonies, voiced or still'd,
To seek him; heard at the silent medicine-root
A song, beheld in fulfilment the unfulfill'd.

XII

Him Phœbus, lending to darkness colour and form
Of light's excess, many lessons and counsels gave,
Show'd Wisdom lord of the human intricate swarm,
And whence prophetic it looks on the hives that rave,
And how acquired, of the zeal of love to acquire,
And where it stands, in the centre of life a sphere;
And Measure, mood of the lyre, the rapturous lyre,
He said was Wisdom, and struck him the notes to
hear.

MELAMPUS

XIII

Sweet, sweet: 'twas glory of vision, honey, the breeze
In heat, the run of the river on root and stone,
All senses joined, as the sister Pierides
Are one, uplifting their chorus, the Nine, his own.
In stately order, evolved of sound into sight,
From sight to sound intershifting, the man descried
The growths of earth, his adored, like day out of night,
Ascend in song, seeing nature and song allied.

XIV

And there vitality, there, there solely in song,
Resides, where earth and her uses to men, their
needs,
Their forceful cravings, the theme are: there is it
strong,
The Master said: and the studious eye that reads,
(Yea, even as earth to the crown of Gods on the
mount),
In links divine with the lyrical tongue is bound.
Pursue thy craft: it is music drawn of a fount
To spring perennial; well-spring is common ground.

XV

Melampus dwelt among men: physician and sage,
He served them, loving them, healing them; sick
or maim'd,
Or them that frenzied in some delirious rage
Outran the measure, his juice of the woods re-
claim'd.

ON THE WYE ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

He play'd on men, as his master, Phœbus, on strings
Melodious: as the God did he drive and check,
Through love exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck.

GEORGE MEREDITH

On the Wye above Tintern Abbey

THESE beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities I have owed to them
In hours of weariness sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart:
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremember'd pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect most sublime; that blessèd mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lighten'd:—that serene and blessèd mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame

ON THE WYE ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!

And now with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed no doubt from what I was when
first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then

ON THE WYE ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye.—That time is past
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur: other gifts
Have follow'd: for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods

ON THE WYE ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth: of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

ON THE WYE ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies : Oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together : and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service ; rather say
With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs
And this green pastoral landscape were to me,
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LOVE UNIVERSAL

Love Universal

THE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briers,
The wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes,
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in Love. Love is a sea
Filling all the abysses dim
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,
Is sternly just to sun and grain;
'Tis laving at this moment Saturn's sides,
'Tis in my blood and brain.

All things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the brier,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dew,
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breath'd flowers;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
When Love is born in each.

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give.
The world is very lovely. O my God,
I thank Thee that I live!

ALEXANDER SMITH

VITA NUOVA

Vita Nuova

O ANCIENT streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasp'd,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am deliver'd. Me the Spring,
Me also dimly with new life hath touch'd,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever power beneficent,
Veil'd though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain.

WILLIAM WATSON

THE STARS

E QUINDI uscimmo a riveder le stelle.

DANTE

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright.

VAUGHAN

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send :
'Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars,
An ornament giving light in the highest places of
the Lord.
At the command of the Holy One they will
stand in their order,
And never faint in their watches.

Ecclesiasticus

The Stars

MEANWHILE night was come indeed. On the mountain-tops there lingered but a powdery glow, and a bright haze along their western slopes. I desired our little lady to enter within the sheepfold and lie down to sleep. Having spread a fine new sheepskin on fresh straw, I wished her good-night, and went to sit and keep watch before the gate. . . . Never had the heavens seemed so deep to me, the stars so lustrous.

Suddenly the hatch of the sheepfold opened, and Stéphanette appeared. She could not sleep. The sheep rustled the straw as they stirred, or bleated in their sleep. She would rather be out by the fire. Seeing this, I wrapped my goatskin over her shoulders, and made the fire brisker; and we stayed there side by side without speaking. If you have ever passed the night under the stars, you know that, at the hour when men are sleeping, a mysterious world awakes in the solitude and the silence. Then the springs sing far clearer and the meres are lit up with little tongues of flame. All the spirits of the mountain fare abroad, going and coming as they list; and in the air there are whispers, scarce perceptible noises, as if one were listening to the growth of the trees, the pushing of the green herb. Day is the lifetime of the breathing world, but night of the inanimate. When one is

THE STARS

not used to it, this frightens ; and so our little lady was all a-tremble and drew closer to me at the slightest sound. Once a long melancholy cry broke out from the mere that glimmered far at our feet, and was borne up the hill towards us, swelling and sinking. At the same moment a lovely shooting star glided over our heads in the same direction, as if the cry we had just heard carried the light along with it.

‘What is that?’ Stéphanette whispered.

‘That, mistress, is a soul entering Paradise.’ I made the sign of the cross.

She too crossed herself, and remained a moment gazing upward very thoughtfully. Then she said, ‘Is it true, then, shepherd, that you people are sorcerers?’

‘By no means, little lady. Only here we live nearer the stars, and know what is happening up yonder better than folks in the plain.’

She was still staring upward, chin on hand, wrapped in her woolly skin like a small shepherdess straight from heaven.

‘What numbers of them—and how beautiful! Never have I seen so many. Do you know their names, shepherd?’

‘Why yes, mistress. Look, straight above our heads. That is *St. James’s Road*. It runs from France straight over Spain. It was St. James of Galicia who traced it there to show the brave Charlemagne his way when he was making war upon the Saracens. Further on you have the *Waggon of Souls* with its four flashing wheels. The three stars that go before it are the *Team*; and that quite little one,

THE STARS

close to the third, is the *Waggoner*. Do you see that shower of stars falling all around? Those are the souls the good God will not accept, to dwell with Him. . . . A little lower—that is the *Rake* or the *Three Kings*. It's those we people tell the clock by. Only by glancing at them I know, this minute, that midnight is past. The blazing one, a little lower, still towards the south, is *John of Milan*, the torch of the stars. Listen to what the shepherds tell about him! One night *John of Milan*, with the *Three Kings* and *La Poucinière*, were invited to the wedding of a star, one of their friends. *La Poucinière* being most hurried, set out first, they say, and took the upper road. Look at her up there, deep in the heaven. The *Three Kings* took a short cut, lower down, and caught up with her, but that lazybones *John of Milan* overslept himself and was left behind, and in a fury he hurled his walking-stick after them, to stop them. That is why the *Three Kings* are also called *John of Milan's Walking-stick*. . . . But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, is our own *Shepherd's Star*, which gives us light as we lead forth our flocks in the dawn, and likewise in the evening when we bring them to the fold again. We call her also *Maguelonne*, lovely *Maguelonne*, who runs after *Peter of Provence* and is his bride every seven years.'

'What, shepherd? Are there, then, marriages among the stars?'

'Why to be sure, mistress——'

And while I was trying to explain what these

LORENZO AND JESSICA

marriages were, I felt something light and delicate drop softly upon my shoulder. It was her head, drooping with slumber, that rested against me, with a delicious rustle of ribbons, of lace, of waving curls. She remained thus, nor stirred till the stars grew pale in heaven, made faint by the climbing day. As for me, I sat and watched her; a little troubled, deep down in my soul, but kept holy by the clear night which has never given me other than beautiful thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent march, obedient as a mighty army; and once or twice I fancied that one of these stars, the most delicate, the most lustrous, had missed her way and had come to lean upon my shoulder and to sleep.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

Lorenzo and Jessica

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MIDNIGHT ON ST. THOMAS'S EVE

Midnight on St. Thomas's Eve

THE sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of our body, timed by a common pulse. The North Star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till he was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of colour in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilised mankind, who are horizontal and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars.

NIGHT—AND CARLYLE DYING

After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once.

THOMAS HARDY

Night—and Carlyle Dying

IN the fine cold night, unusually clear (Feb. 5, '81), as I walked some open grounds adjacent, the condition of Carlyle, and his approaching—perhaps even the actual—death filled me with thoughts eluding statement and curiously blending with the scene. The planet Venus, an hour high in the west, with all her volume and lustre recover'd (she has been shorn and languid for nearly a year), including an additional sentiment I never noticed before—not merely voluptuous, Paphian, steeping, fascinating—now with calm commanding seriousness and hauteur—the Milo Venus now. Upward to the zenith Jupiter, Saturn, and the moon past her quarter, trailing in procession, with the Pleiades following, and the constellation Taurus, and red Aldebaran. Not a cloud in heaven. Orion strode through the south-east, with his glittering belt—and a trifle below hung the sun of the night, Sirius. Every star dilated, more vitreous, nearer than usual. Not as in some clear nights when the larger stars entirely outshine the rest. Every little star or cluster just as distinctly visible, and just as nigh. Berenice's hair showing every gem, and new ones. To the north-east and north the Sickle, the Goat and Kids, Cassiopeia,

ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT

Castor and Pollux, and the two Dippers. While through the whole of this silent indescribable show, inclosing and bathing my whole receptivity, ran the thought of Carlyle dying. (To soothe and spiritualise and, as far as may be, solve the mysteries of death and genius, consider them under the stars at midnight.)

And now that he has gone hence, can it be that Thomas Carlyle, soon to chemically dissolve in ashes and by winds, remains an identity still? In ways perhaps eluding all the statements lore and speculations of ten thousand years—eluding all possible statements to mortal sense—does he yet exist, a definite vital being, a spirit, an individual—perhaps now wafted in spaces among those stellar systems? I have no doubt of it. In silence of a fine night such questions are answer'd to the soul, the best answers that can be given. With me, too, when depressed by some specially sad event or teasing problem, I wait till I go out under the stars for the last voiceless satisfaction.

WALT WHITMAN

On the Beach at Night

ON the beach, at night,
Stands a child with her father,
Watching the east, the autumn sky.

Up through the darkness
While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black
masses spreading,

ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT

Lower, sullen and fast, athwart and down the sky,
Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the
east,

Ascends, large and calm, the lord-star Jupiter ;
And nigh at hand, only a very little above,
Swim the delicate brothers, the Pleiades.

From the beach the child, holding the hand of her
father,
Those burial clouds that lower, victorious, soon to
devour all,
Watching, silently weeps.

Weep not, child,
Weep not, my darling,
With these kisses let me remove your tears ;
The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,
They shall not long possess the sky—shall devour the
stars only in apparition :
Jupiter shall emerge—be patient—watch again another
night—the Pleiades shall emerge,
They are immortal—all those stars, both silvery and
golden, shall shine out again,
The great stars and the little ones shall shine out
again—they endure ;
The vast immortal suns, and the long enduring moons,
shall again shine.

Then, dearest child, mournest thou only for Jupiter ?
Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars ?

THE KING ON THE TOWER

Something there is,
(With my lips soothing thee, adding, I whisper,
I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and
indirection,)
Something there is more immortal even than the stars,
(Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing
away,)
Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous
Jupiter,
Longer than the sun or any revolving satellite,
Or the radiant brothers, the Pleiades.

WALT WHITMAN

The King on the Tower

THE cold grey hills they bind me around,
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds, as they pass all o'er this ground,
Bring me never a sound of woe.

Oh! for all I have suffer'd and striven,
Care has embitter'd my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn toward you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone ;
 My sword it rusteth upon the wall ;
 Right have I spoken, right have I done—
 When shall I rest me once for all ?

O blessed rest ! O royal night !
 Wherefore seemeth the time so long
 Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
 And list to their loudest song ?

W. M. THACKERAY : from *Uhland*

Johannes Agricola in Meditation

THERE'S heaven above, and night by night
 I look right through its gorgeous roof ;
 No suns and moons though e'er so bright
 Avail to stop me ; splendour-proof
 I keep the broods of stars aloof :
 For I intend to get to God,
 For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
 For in God's breast, my own abode,
 Those shoals of dazzling glory pass'd
 I lay my spirit down at last.
 I lie where I have always lain,
 God smiles as he has always smiled :
 Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
 Ere stars were thunder-girt, or piled
 The heavens, God thought on me his child ;
 Ordain'd a life for me, array'd
 Its circumstances every one

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

To the minutest ; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere he fashion'd star or sun.
And having thus created me,
Thus rooted me, he bade me grow,
Guiltless for ever, like a tree
That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
The law by which it prospers so :
But sure that thought and word and deed
All go to swell his love for me,
Me, made because that love had need
Of something irreversibly
Pledged solely its content to be.
Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend
—No poison-gourd foredoom'd to stoop!
I have God ! warrant, could I blend
All hideous sins, as in a cup,
To drink the mingled venoms up :
Secure my nature will convert
The draught to blossoming gladness fast :
While sweet dewes turn to the gourd's hurt,
And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast,
As from the first its lot was cast.
For as I lie, smiled on, full fed
By unexhausted power to bless,
I gaze below on hell's fierce bed
And those its waves of flame oppress,
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness :
Whose life on earth aspired to be
One altar-smoke, so pure—to win
If not love like God's love for me,

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION

At least to keep his anger in ;
And all their striving turn'd to sin.
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,
The martyr, the wan acolyte,
The incense-swinging child,—undone
Before God fashion'd star or sun !
God, whom I praise ; how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on his ways,
And bargain for his love, and stand,
Paying a price, at his right hand ?

ROBERT BROWNING

THE STRENGTH OF MANHOOD

LIFE is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business entrusted to us to be conducted and terminated honourably.

TOCQUEVILLE

WE cannot steer our drifting raft, nor stem the resistless current ; but we have it in our power to behave decently, to share the meagre stock of victuals fairly as long as they last, to take the good and evil as it comes, and even to hope, if we choose to do so, for a fair haven.

FREDERICK YORK POWELL

To man is permitted the contemplation of the skies, but the practice of virtue is commanded.

JOHNSON (*Rasselas*)

AND let the counsel of thine own heart stand : for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it.

For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen, that sit above in a high tower.

Ecclesiasticus

THE strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone.

IBSEN

I am the teacher of athletes ;

He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own ;

He most honours my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

WALT WHITMAN

Virtue

MORTALS that would follow me
Love Vertue, she alone is free.
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON

True Knighthood

FOR knighthood is not in the feats of warre,
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong;
But in a cause which truth can not defarre,
He ought himself for to make sure and strong
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among:
And no quarrell a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for a woman's sake.

STEPHEN HAWES

Man his own Master

WE are in the world like men playing at Tables;
the chance is not in our power, but to play
it is; and when it is fallen, we must manage it as
we can; and let nothing trouble us but when we do
a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN

These things God hath put in our power; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose; and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasures of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land do not lose thy constancy; and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and to a man nothing miserable unless it be unreasonable. No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure and pain, to hope or fear; command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian Kings.

JEREMY TAYLOR

Ulysses and the Siren

Siren. COME, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me:
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN

Ulysses. Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest me there,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth :
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren. Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name ;
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame :
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life—our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
No honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport :
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren. Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN

Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Ulysses. But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease;
And with the thoughts of actions past
Are recreated still:
When Pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

Siren. That doth *Opinion* only cause
That's out of *Custom* bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever *Nature* did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses. But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest:
And these great Spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE VIRTUE

Siren. Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won, that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
T'undo, or be undone.

SAMUEL DANIEL

Positive and Negative Virtue

I

AMONG our daily or weekly confessions, which we are supposed to repeat as if we were all of us at all times in precisely the same moral condition, we are made to say that we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and to have left undone those things which we ought to have done. An earthly father to whom his children were day after day to make this acknowledgment would be apt to inquire whether they were trying to do better, whether at any rate they were endeavouring to learn; and if he were told that they had made some faint attempts to understand the negative part of their duty, yet that of the positive part, of those things which they ought to do, they had no notions at all, and had no idea that they were under obligation to form any, he would come to rather strange conclusions about them. But really and truly, what practical notions of duty have we beyond that of abstaining from committing sins? Not

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE VIRTUE

to commit sin, we suppose, covers but a small part of what is expected of us. Through the entire tissue of our employments there runs a good and a bad. Bishop Butler tells us, for instance, that even of our time there is a portion which is ours and a portion which is our neighbour's; and if we spend more of it on personal interests than our own share we are stealing. This sounds strange doctrine; we prefer rather making vague acknowledgments, and shrink from pressing them into detail. We say vaguely that in all we do we should consecrate ourselves to God, and our own lips condemn us; for which among us cares to learn the way to do it? The *devoir* of a knight was understood in the courts of chivalry: the lives of heroic men, pagan and Christian, were once held up before the world as patterns of detailed imitation; and now, when such ideals are wanted more than ever, Protestantism unhappily stands with a drawn sword on the threshold of the inquiry, and tells us that it is impious. The law has been fulfilled for us in condescension to our inherent worthlessness, and our business is to appropriate another's righteousness, and not, like Titans, to be scaling heaven by profane efforts of our own.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

II

IT is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; *thou shalt* was ever his word,

HENRY AT AGINCOURT

with which he superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Henry at Agincourt

Westmoreland.

O THAT we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one
more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

HENRY AT AGINCOURT

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is St. Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,

CLIVE BEFORE PLASSEY

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Clive before Plassey

CLIVE was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

MACAULAY

A CHARGE

A Charge

IF thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem
Commission'd by thy absent Lord, and while
 'Tis incomplete
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
 Dismiss them to the street!

Shouldst thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
 At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
 But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
 Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
 And every spectre mutters up more dire
 To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
 Then to the helm, O soul!

Last, if upon the cold green-mantling sea
 Thou cling, along with Truth, to the last spar,
 Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
 Whom thou art sworn to obey!

HERBERT TRENCH

INVICTUS

Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

CHEER

Cheer

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in your smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Trust Thyself

A MAN should learn to detect and watch that
gleam of light which flashes across his mind
from within more than the lustre of the firmament
of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice

TRUST THYSELF

his thought because it is his. In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humoured inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another. . . .

We but half express ourselves and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. . . . Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men and must accept in the highest mind the most transcendent destiny.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RESPICE FINEM

Respice Finem

ALL is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

JOHN MILTON

THE GRACE OF MANHOOD

BRIGHT Thoughts, clear Deeds, Constancy, Fidelity, Bounty, and generous Honesty are the gems of noble Minds ; wherein (to derogate from none) the true Heroick English Gentleman hath no Peer.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

THE surest mark of a finely bred man is that envy cannot breed in him.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

A LITTLE touch of something like pride is seated in the true sense of a man's own greatness, without which his humility and modesty would be contemptible virtues.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

MANNERS Makyth Man.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM

Domine, Quis Habitabit ?

LORD, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle :
Or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?
Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life :
And doeth the thing that is right, and speaketh the
truth from his heart.
He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done
evil to his neighbour ;
And hath not slandered his neighbour.
He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his
own eyes :
And maketh much of them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappoint-
eth him not :
Though it were to his own hindrance.
He that hath not given his money upon usury :
Nor taken reward against the innocent.
Whoso doeth these things, shall never fall.

Psalm xlv.

Integer Vitae

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

TO THE LADY MARGARET

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION

To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers, nor all the wind

TO THE LADY MARGARET

Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay affections, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, as if seducèd, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

TO THE LADY MARGARET

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him: that hath no side at all
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart so near allied to earth
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but us fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes; he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd

TO THE LADY MARGARET

The best of glory with her sufferings :
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart ; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashionèd
By that clear judgment, that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make ; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast : that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain :
Where no vile breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that without all stain
Rises in peace, in innocence rests ;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do ; yet you will know
That wrong is better check'd by being condemn'd
Than being pursu'd ; leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

TO THE LADY MARGARET

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd that fears no ill to come.
And that man's glory rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumèd are
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, Madam, of a well tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;

A QUIET SOUL

Yet doth it still in perfect unison stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, Madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SAMUEL DANIEL

A Quiet Soul

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which the planet goes:
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath.
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast,
As if some Halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.

JOHN OLDHAM

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN DEFINED

The True Gentleman Defined

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in im-

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN DEFINED

puting motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should even conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic

MANNERS

in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilisation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Manners

THERE is nothing comparable for moral force to the charm of truly noble manners. The mind is, in comparison, only slightly and transiently impressed by heroic actions, for these are felt to be but uncertain signs of a heroic soul; nothing less than a series of them, more sustained and varied than circumstances are ever found to demand, could assure us, with the infallible certainty required for the highest power of example, that they were the faithful reflex of the ordinary spirit of the actor. The spectacle of patient suffering, though not so striking, is morally more impressive; for we know that

‘Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle this way or that—
’Tis done; and, in the after vacancy,
We wonder at ourselves like men betray’d:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.’

MANNERS

The mind, however, has a very natural repugnance to the sustained contemplation of this species of example, and is much more willingly persuaded by a spectacle precisely the reverse, that of goodness actually upon the earth triumphant, and having in its ordinary demeanour, under whatever circumstances, the lovely stamp of obedience to that highest and most rarely filled commandment, 'Rejoice evermore.' Unlike action and suffering, such obedience is not so much the way to heaven, as a picture, say rather a part, of heaven itself; and truly beautiful manners will be found upon inspection to involve a continual and visible compliance with that apostolical injunction. A right obedience of this kind must be the crown and completion of all lower kinds of obedience. It is not compatible with the bitter humiliations of the habit of any actual sin; it excludes selfishness, since the condition of joy, as distinguished from pleasure, is generosity, and a soul in the practice of going forth from itself; it is no sensual partiality for the 'bright side' of things, no unholy repugnance to the consideration of sorrow; but a habit of lifting life to a height at which all sides of it become bright and all moral difficulties intelligible; in action it is a salubrity about which doctors will not disagree; in the countenance it is a loveliness about which connoisseurs will not dispute; in the demeanour it is a lofty gentleness, which, without pride, patronises all the world, and which, without omitting the minutest temporal obligations and amenities, does everything with an air of immortality.

COVENTRY PATMORE

VIRTUE

Virtue

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE FREEMAN

A! FREDOME is a noble thing.

BARBOUR

TYRANNY is the will to have in one way what can only be had in another.

PASCAL

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

MILTON

THE worst of all tyrannies is the tyranny of cowards.

TOCQUEVILLE

THE best kind of revenge is, not to become like unto them.

MARCUS AURELIUS

Freedom

A ! Fredome is a noble thing !
Fredome mayse man to haif liking ;
Fredome all solace to man giffis,
He livis at ese that frely livis !
A noble hart may haif nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gif fredome fail'th ; for fre liking
Is yharnit¹ ouer all othir thing.
Na he that ay has livit fre
May nocht knaw well the propertè,
The anger, na the wretchit doom
That is couplit to foul thraldome.
But gif he had assayit it,
Then all perquer² he suld it wit ;
And suld think fredome mar to prise
Than all the gold in warld that is.
Thus contrar thingis evermar
Discoweringis of the tothir are.

JOHN BARBOUR

¹ Yearned for, desired

² Thoroughly

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

The Character of a Happy Life

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

INSTANS TYRANNUS

Instans Tyrannus

OF the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

I struck him, he grovell'd of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinn'd him to earth with my weight,
And persistence of hate:
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As his lot might be worse.

‘Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand!
For obscurity helps him, and blots
The hole where he squats.’
So, I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! Gold and jewels I threw,
Still he couch'd there perdue;
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon's best spilth:
Still he kept to his filth.

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, did I press:
Just a son or a mother to seize!
No such booty as these.

INSTANS TYRANNUS

Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me, in person or pelf,
What he owes me himself!
No: I could not but smile through my chafe:
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Through minuteness, to wit.

Then a humour more great took its place
At the thought of his face:
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain.
And 'no!' I admonish'd myself,
'Is one mock'd by an elf?
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the small turns the great
If it vexes you—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the king?
Though I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!'

So, I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.

THE REMEDY AGAINST IRE

Round his creep-hole with never a break
Ran my fires for his sake ;
Overhead, did my thunder combine
With my underground mine :
Till I look'd from my labour content
To enjoy the event.

When sudden . . . how think ye, the end ?
Did I say 'without friend' ?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest !
Do you see ? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and pray'd !
—So *I* was afraid !

ROBERT BROWNING

The Remedy against Ire

THE remedye agayns Ire is a vertu that men clepen
Mansuetude, that is Debonairetee ; and eek
another vertu, that men callen Pacience or Suffrance.

Debonairetee withdraweth and refrayneth the stiringes
and the moevynges of mannes corage in his herte, in
swich manere that they ne skippe nat out by angre ne by

THE REMEDY AGAINST IRE

Ire. Suffrance suffreth swetely alle the anoyaunces and the wronges that men doon to man outward. . . .

Pacience is a vertu that suffreth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is nat wrooth for noon harm that is doon to him. The philosophre seith, that 'pacience is thilke vertu that suffreth debonairely all the outrages of adversitie and every wikked word.' This vertu maketh a man lyk to God, and maketh him Goddes owene dere child, as seith Crist. This vertu discomfiteth thyn enemy. And therefore seith the wyse man, 'if thou wolt venquisse thyn enemy, lerne to suffre.' . . .

Heer may men lerne to be pacient; for certes noght only Cristen men been pacient for love of Iesu Crist, and for guerdoun of the blissful lyf that is perdurable; but certes the olde payens,¹ that nevere were Cristene, commendeden and useden the vertu of pacience.

A philosophre up-on a tyme, that wolde have beten his disciple for his grete trespas, for which he was greetly amoeved, and broghte a yerde to scourge the child; and when this child saugh the yerde, he seyde to his maister, 'What thenke ye to do?' 'I wol bete thee,' quod the maister, 'for thy correccion.' 'For sothe,' quod the child, 'ye oghten first correcte youreself, that have lost al youre pacience for the gilt of a child.' 'For sothe,' quod the maister al wepinge, 'thou sayst sooth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correcte me for myn inpacience.'

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

¹ Pagans

THE CITIZEN

MAN is by nature a political creature.

ARISTOTLE

WE (Athenians) regard the man who keeps aloof from public affairs as not merely harmless but good for nothing.

PERICLES, *Funeral Oration*

LET no wise man decline the office of a magistrate: for it is impious for a man to withdraw his service from those who need it, and ignoble to stand aside for the worthless who will govern ill.

EPICTETUS

HE best serves the state who raises, not the roofs of its houses, but the souls of its citizens.

EPICTETUS

WHAT are great gifts but the correlatives of great work? We are not born for ourselves but for our kind, for our neighbour, for our country: it is but selfishness and indolence, a perverse fastidiousness, an unmanliness, and no virtue or praise, to bury our talent in a napkin.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

BUT that which put Glory of Grace into all that he did, was that he did it of pure love to his country.

BUNYAN

Citizenship

I REMEMBER an old scholastic aphorism which says that 'the man who lives wholly detached from others must be either an angel or a devil.' When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the meantime we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected; in the one to be placable; in the other, immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risque of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses upon his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

EDMUND BURKE

DON QUIXOTE GIVES COUNSEL

Don Quixote gives Counsel to Sancho Panza

HERE Don Quixote came up, and learning what had passed and how soon Sancho had to leave for his governorship, with permission of the Duke he took his squire by the hand and went away with him to his apartment to counsel him how he was to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he shut the door behind him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a deliberate voice thus addressed him. . . .

Firstly, O son, thou hast to fear God, for in the fearing Him is wisdom, and, being wise, thou canst err in nothing.

Secondly, thou hast to set thine eyes on what thou art, endeavouring to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be conceived. From knowing thyself will follow the not swelling thyself, like the frog who would be equal with the ox, for if thou dost this the remembrance of having kept hogs in thine own country will come like the peacock's ugly feet to the tail of thy folly.

Glorify thyself, Sancho, on the humility of thy lineage, and think it no disgrace to say thou comest of peasants; for seeing thou art ashamed, none will attempt to shame thee; and prize thyself more on being a virtuous poor man than a noble sinner. . . . Mind, Sancho, if thou take virtue for thy means, and prize thyself on doing virtuous acts, thou wilt have

DON QUIXOTE GIVES COUNSEL

no reason to envy those who have Princes and Lords for their fathers; for blood is inherited but virtue is acquired, and virtue has worth in itself alone which blood has not.

This being so, if by chance any of thy kinsfolk should come to visit thee while thou art in thy Isle, do not thou despise or affront him; rather thou must receive, cherish, and entertain him, for by this thou wilt please God, who likes none to disdain that which He hath made, and wilt comply with what is thy duty to well-ordered nature.

If thou shouldst take thy wife with thee (for it is not well that they who are engaged in government should be for any long time without their own wives) instruct her, indoctrinate her, trim her of her native rudeness, for all that a wise Governor gives is wont to be lost and destroyed by a vulgar and foolish woman.

Never guide thee by arbitrary¹ law, which is wont to have much hold over the ignorant who set up to be clever.

Let the tears of the poor man find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

Try and discover the truth, as well among the promises and presents of the rich man as among the wailings and importunities of the poor.

Where equity can and should have place, charge not the rigour of the law upon the delinquent, for the fame of the righteous judge stands not greater than that of the merciful.

¹ Or, 'judge-made'

DON QUIXOTE GIVES COUNSEL

If perchance you should bend the rod of justice, let it not be with the weight of a bribe, but with that of mercy.

When it should happen to thee to judge the cause of some enemy of thine, turn thy mind away from thine injury and set it on the truth of the case.

Let not personal passion blind thee in another's cause, for the errors thou shalt commit therein will be mostly without remedy, and if thou hast one it will be at the cost of thy credit; nay, of thy estate.

If a beautiful woman should come to beg justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears, and thine ears from her moans, and consider at leisure the substance of her prayer, if thou wouldst not thy reason were drowned in her weeping, and thy honour in her sighs.

Him thou hast to punish by deeds, offend not by words, for the smart of the punishment is enough for the unhappy one without the addition of ill language.

The culprit who falls under thy jurisdiction regard as a wretched man, subject to the conditions of a depraved nature; and as much as in thee lies, without doing injury to the opposite side, show thyself to him pitiful and lenient, for though the attributes of God are all equal, that of mercy in our sight is brighter and more excellent than that of justice.

If thou shouldst follow these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame everlasting, thy recompense ample, and thy happiness unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children as thou wilt; they and thy grandchildren shall not want titles; thou shalt live

COMPROMISE

in peace and good will among men, and in the last stages of thy life shalt arrive at that of death in a sweet and ripe old age, and the tender and delicate hands of thy great-grandchildren shall close thine eyes.

CERVANTES

Compromise

MEN are only enlightened by feeling their way through experience. The greatest geniuses are themselves drawn along by their age.

TURGOT

I CLAIM not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1864)

IN public life a man of elevated mind does not make his own self tell upon others simply or entirely. He must act with other men; he cannot select his objects or pursue them by means unadulterated by the methods and practices of minds less elevated than his own. He can only do what he feels to be second best. He labours at a venture, prosecuting measures so large or so complicated that their ultimate issue is uncertain.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

SELF-RELIANCE

Refreshment

THEY seek for themselves private retiring-places, as country villages, the seashore, mountains; yea thou thyself are wont to long much after such places. But all this, thou must know, proceeds from simplicity in the highest degree. At what time soever thou wilt it is in thy power to retire into thyself, and to be at rest and free from all business. A man cannot any-whither retire better than to his own soul. Afford then thyself this retiring continually, and thereby refresh and renew thyself. Let these precepts be brief and fundamental, which as soon as thou dost call them to mind may suffice thee to purge thy soul thoroughly, and dismiss thee back again to thy business without discontent.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

Self-Reliance

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CONTENT

WHEN we have been invited to a banquet we take what is set before us : if a guest should ask the host to set before him fish or sweet cakes, he would be considered to be an unreasonable fellow. But in the world we ask the gods for what they do not give ; and we do this though the things are many which they have given.

EPICTETUS

THE true good must be such as all can possess at once, without diminution and without envy, and which no one can lose against his will.

PASCAL

I KNEW a man that had health and riches and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself to be removing from one house to another : and being asked by a friend 'Why he removed so often from one house to another?' replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' 'Content,' said his friend, 'ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul.'

ISAAC WALTON

The Means to attain Happy Life

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Contented with thine own estate
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

EARL OF SURREY

SWEET CONTENT

Sweet Content

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER

The Angler's Rest

I

LOOK! under that broad beech-tree I sate down,
when I was last this way a-fishing. And the
birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly
contention with an Echo, whose dead voice seemed to

THE ANGLER'S REST

live in a hollow cave near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sate viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pibble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam: and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily exprest it,

‘I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possest joyes not promis’d in my birth.’

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; ’twas a handsome Milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid’s mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his yonger days.

II

FIRST let me tell you that, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sate down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you

THE ANGLER'S REST

had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suites depending, and that they both damp'd his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himselfe had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields; for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see fishes leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lillies and lady-smocks and there a girle cropping culverkeyes¹ and cowslips, all to make garlands sutable to this present month of May. These and many other field-flowers, so perfum'd the air, that I thought this meadow like the field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition, and pittying that rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth—or rather they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers, and meek quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts and contentions which corrode the sweets of life.

IZAACK WALTON

¹ Columbines

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

The Valley of Humiliation

BUT we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of Ground in all those parts. It is fat Ground, and as you see, consisteth much in Meddows; and if a man was to come here in the Summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his Eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this Valley is; also how beautified with Lillies. I have also known many labouring Men that have got good Estates in this Valley of Humiliation; for indeed it is a very fruitful Soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's House were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a fresh and well-favoured Countenance; and as he sate by himself, he Sung. Hark! said Mr. Great-heart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said—

‘He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no Pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be His Guide.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.'

Then said their Guide: Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called Heart's-ease in his Bosom, then he that is clad in Silk and Velvet. But we will proceed in our discourse.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his Countrey House; he loved much to be here. He loved also to walk these Medows, and he found the Air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the Noise and from the hurryings of this Life; all States are full of Noise and Confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and Solitary Place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindred in his Contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. This is a Valley that no body walks in, but those that love a Pilgrim's life. And tho' Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollion, and to enter with him a brisk encounter: Yet I must tell you that in former times men have met with Angels here, have found Pearls here, and have in this place found the words of Life.

JOHN BUNYAN

PETERKIN'S PUDDING

Of Ambitions

AS nature makes us always unhappy in every state, our desires picture to us a happy state; because they add to the state in which we are the pleasures of the state in which we are not. And if we attained to these pleasures, we should not be happy after all; because we should have other desires natural to this new state.

BLAISE PASCAL

Peterkin's Pudding

YOU never heard of Peterkin's pudding, by the way; but there is a fine moral baked in it. Johannes came to his wife one day and said, '*Liebes Gretchen*, could you not make me a pudding such as Peterkin is always boasting his wife makes him? I am dying of envy to taste it. Every time he talks of it my chops water.' 'It is not impossible I could make you one,' said Gretchen good-naturedly; 'I will go and ask Frau Peterkin how she makes it.' When Johannes returned that evening from the workshop, where Peterkin had been raving more than ever over his wife's pudding, Gretchen said gleefully, 'I have been to Frau Peterkin: she has a good heart, and she gave me the whole recipe for Peterkin's pudding.' Johannes rubbed his hands, and his mouth watered already in anticipation. 'It is made with raisins,' began Gretchen. Johannes' jaw fell. 'We can

PETERKIN'S PUDDING

scarcely afford raisins,' he interrupted: 'couldn't you manage without raisins?' 'Oh, I dare say,' said Gretchen doubtfully. 'There is also candied lemon-peel.' Johannes whistled. '*Ach*, we can't run to that,' he said. 'No, indeed,' assented Gretchen; 'but we must have suet and yeast.' 'I don't see the necessity,' quoth Johannes. 'A good cook like you'—here he gave her a sounding kiss—'can get along without such trifles as those.' 'Well, I will try,' said the good Gretchen, as cheerfully as she could; and so next morning Johannes went to work light-hearted and gay. When he returned home, lo! the long-desired dainty stood on the supper-table, beautifully brown. He ran to embrace his wife in gratitude and joy; then he tremblingly broke off a hunch of pudding and took a huge bite. His wife, anxiously watching his face, saw it assume a look of perplexity, followed by one of disgust. Johannes gave a great snort of contempt. '*Lieber Gott!*' he cried, 'and *this* is what Peterkin is always bragging about!'

I. ZANGWILL

WISDOM

I AM the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge and holy hope,
I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children
which are named of him.

Ecclesiasticus

You see, my friend, there is nothing so ridiculous
that has not at some time been said by some philosopher.

GOLDSMITH, *Citizen of the World*

THE Law of the Great Learning consists in spreading
and confirming the luminous principle of reason which
we have received from on high.

CONFUCIUS

WE cheat ourselves with words when we conclude out
of our material splendour an advance of the race.
One fruit only our mother earth offers with pride to
her maker—her human children made noble by their
life upon her.

FROUDE

The Praise of Wisdom

I

WISDOM exalteth her children,
And layeth hold of them that seek her.
He that loveth her loveth life;
And they that seek to her early shall be filled with joy.
He that holdeth her fast shall inherit glory;
And wherever she entereth, the Lord will bless.
They that serve her shall minister to the Holy One;
And them that love her the Lord doth love.
Whoso giveth ear unto her shall judge the nations;
And he that attendeth unto her shall dwell securely.
If a man commit himself unto her, he shall inherit
her;
And his generations shall hold her in possession.
For at first she will walk with him by crooked ways,
And bring fear and dread upon him.
And torment him with her discipline,
Until she may trust his soul and try him by her laws.
Then will she return the straight way unto him,
And comfort him, and show him her secrets.

II

Wisdom shall praise herself,
And shall glory in the midst of her people.
In the congregation of the most High shall she open
her mouth,

THE PRAISE OF WISDOM

And triumph before his power.
'I came out of the mouth of the most High,
And covered the earth as a mist.
I dwelt in high places,
And my throne is in a cloudy pillar.
I alone compassed the circuit of heaven,
And walked in the bottom of the deep.
In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth,
And in every people and nation, I got a possession.
With all these I sought rest;
And in whose inheritance shall I abide?
So the Creator of all things gave me a commandment,
And he that made me caused my tabernacle to rest,
And said, Let thy dwelling be in Jacob,
And thine inheritance in Israel.
He created me from the beginning before the world,
And I shall never fail.
In the holy tabernacle I served before him;
And so was I established in Sion.
Likewise in the beloved city he gave me rest,
And in Jerusalem was my power.
And I took root in an honourable people,
Even in the portion of the Lord's inheritance.
I was exalted like the cedar in Libanus,
And as a cypress tree upon the mountains of Hermon.
I was exalted like a palm tree in En-gaddi,
And as a rose plant in Jericho,
As a fair olive tree in a pleasant field,
And grew up as a plane tree by the water.
I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aspalathus,
And I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh,

QUIS EST ISTE

As galbanum and onyx and sweet storax,
And as the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.
As the turpentine tree I stretched out my branches,
And my branches are the branches of honour and grace,
As the vine brought I forth pleasant savour,
And my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches.
I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge
and holy hope :

I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children
which are named of him.

Come unto me, all ye that be desirous of me,
And fill yourselves with my fruits.
For my memorial is sweeter than honey,
And mine inheritance than the honeycomb.
They that eat of me shall yet be hungry,
And they that drink of me shall yet be thirsty.
He that obeyeth me shall never be confounded,
And they that work by me shall not do amiss.'

Ecclesiasticus

Quis est iste

WHO is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the
earth?

Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?

QUIS EST ISTE

Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the
womb?
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said: Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?
Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days,
And caused the dayspring to know his place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it.
It is turned as clay to the seal;
And they stand as a garment.
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.
Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.
Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,

QUIS EST ISTE

And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house
thereof?

Knowest thou it because thou wast then born?

Or because the number of thy days is great?

Has thou entered into the treasures of the snow?

Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,

Against the day of battle and war?

By what way is the light parted,

Or the east wind scattered upon the earth?

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing
of waters,

Or a way for the lightning of thunder;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;

On the wilderness, wherein is no man;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;

And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring
forth?

Hath the rain a father?

Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

Out of whose womb came the ice?

And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered
it?

The waters are hid as with a stone,

And the face of the deep is frozen.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,

Or loose the bands of Orion?

Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?

Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?

Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

QUIS EST ISTE

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee?
Canst thou send lightnings that they may go,
And say unto thee: Here we are?
Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?
Or who hath given understanding to the heart?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom?
Or who can pour out the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together?
Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
Or abide in the covert to lie in wait?
Who provideth for the raven his food?
When his young ones cry unto God,
They wander for lack of meat.
Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the
rock bring forth?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?
Canst thou number the months that they fulfil?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young
ones,
They cast out their sorrows.
Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up
with corn;
They go forth and return not unto them.
Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,

QUIS EST ISTE

And the barren land his dwellings.

He scorneth the multitude of the city,

Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.

The range of the mountains is his pasture,

And he searcheth after every green thing.

Will the unicorn be ready to serve thee,

Or abide by thy crib?

Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the
furrow?

Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?

Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great?

Or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?

Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy
seed,

And gather it into thy barn?

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?

Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,

And warmeth them in dust,

And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,

Or that the wild beast may break them.

She is hardened against her young ones, as though
they were not hers:

Her labour is in vain without fear:

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,

Neither hath He imparted to her understanding.

What time she lifteth up herself on high,

She scorneth the horse and his rider.

Hast thou given the horse strength?

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him to leap as a grasshopper?

THE ANSWER

The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength :
He goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage :
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha ;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.
Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,
And stretch her wings towards the south ?
Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high ?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.
From thence she seeketh her prey,
And her eyes behold afar off.
Her young ones also suck up blood :
And where the slain are, there is she.

Book of Job

The Answer

AND he said unto me, In the beginning, when the earth was made, before the waters of the world stood, or ever the winds blew ; before it thundered or lightened, or ever the foundations of paradise were laid ; before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the

THE BEATITUDES

moveable powers were established; before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up; before the measures of the firmament were named, or ever the chimneys in Sion were hot; and ere the present years were sought out, and or ever the inventions of them that now sin were turned, before they were sealed that have gathered faith for a treasure: then did I consider these things, and they all were made through me alone, and through none other: by me also they shall be ended, and by none other.

Esdras

The Beatitudes

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

St. Matthew

PRAYER AND PRAISE

A PRAYER of the Athenians : 'Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians, and on the plains.' In truth we ought not to pray at all, or we ought to pray in this simple and noble fashion.

MARCUS AURELIUS

THE spirit of prayer knows how even to leave off praying when it is in conformity with God's acquirements.

God has no touchy sensitiveness as we have. Let us go straight to Him and that will do.

FÉNELON

O YE holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord :

Praise and exalt him above all for ever.

Song of the Three Holy Children

Prayer

I

PRAYER can obtain every thing ; it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell ; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing ; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks, till they melt into tears and a flowing river : prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice Be thou removed thence, and cast into the bottom of the sea ; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand ; and all those strange things, and secret decrees, and unrevealed transactions which are above the clouds and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.

JEREMY TAYLOR

II

BE certain that it is the pure mind we set to perceive. The God discerned in thought is another than he of the senses. And let the prayer be as a little fountain. Rising on a spout, from dread of the hollow below, the prayer may be prolonged in words begetting words, and have a pulse of fervour : the spirit of it has fallen after the first jet. That is the delirious energy of our craving, which has no life in our souls. We do not get to any heaven by renouncing the Mother we spring from ; and when there is an

TO OUR LADY

eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Earth knows, to keep near her, even in our utmost aspirations.

GEORGE MEREDITH

To Our Lady

MARY mother, well thou be!
Mary mother, think on me;
Maiden and mother was never none
Together, Lady, save thee alone.
Sweete Lady, maiden clean,
Shield me from ill, shame, and teen;
Out of sin, Lady, shield thou me:
And out of debt for charity.
Lady, for thy joyès five
Get me grace in this live,
To know and keep over all thing
Christian faith and God's bidding:
And truely win all that I need
To me and mine clothe and feed.
Help me, Lady, and all mine;
Shield me, Lady, from hell pine;
Shield me, Lady, from villainy,
And from all wicked company.

Speculum Christiani

Discipline in Prayer

EVEN dull and spiritless prayer, if only it be faithfully persevered in, accustoms the soul to Christ's Cross; disciplines it against self, teaches it humility; teaches it in the hidden way of the faith. If our

DISCIPLINE IN PRAYER

prayers were always clear, if they never lacked unction, feeling, fervour, we should feed all our lives through on a milk diet and lack the discipline of dry bread; we should seek only the sweets and pleasures we could feel, instead of persisting after self-sacrifice and death; we should be as the folk whom Jesus reproached because they followed him not for his doctrine but for the loaves and fishes. Reject not the exercise of prayer, then, even though your prayer appear spiritless, null, distracted. Endure to be bored patiently, so it be for the love of God. Would you waste your time in beating away the flies that buzz around your ears? Suffer them rather to buzz, and use yourself to go on with your work as though they were miles away.

For the burden of your prayers choose those passages of the Gospels or of the *De Imitatione* which touch you most nearly. Read slowly and in proportion as each word comes home to you. Allow this truth to distil itself quietly into your soul, nor pass to that other until this has made its fullest impression. Insensibly you will find that you have passed (say) a quarter of an hour in prayer: and if you economise your time and afford yourself two daily spells of reading, this will mean a whole half-hour of prayer every day. You will find no difficulty if only you will not seek to do too much, nor to look back and count how much. Simply *be* with God, and confide in Him as a child tells whatever comes into its heart. It need only to open your heart to God, to accustom yourself to Him, and to let your love be fed.

FÉNELON

PRAYER AND PRAISE

Prayer and Praise

PRAISE is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds:
But Prayer in various discords upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our interests so discordant be
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost

By Penitence when we our selves forsake
'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In Praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

SIR W. DAVENANT

Sursum Corda

ARE these the only works of providence in us?
And what words are sufficient to praise them
and set them forth according to their worth? For,
if we had understanding, ought we to do anything else
both jointly and severally than to sing hymns and
bless the deity, and to tell of his benefits? Ought we
not when we are digging and ploughing and eating to
sing this hymn to God? 'Great is God, who has
given us such implements with which we shall cultivate

LAUDATE DOMINUM

the earth: great is God, who has given us hands, the power of swallowing, a stomach, imperceptible growth, and the power of breathing while we sleep.' This is what we ought to sing on every occasion, and to sing the greatest and most divine hymn for giving us the faculty of comprehending these things and using a proper way. Well, then, since most of you have become blind, ought there not to be some man to fill this office, and on behalf of all to sing the hymn to God? For what else can I do, a lame old man,¹ than sing hymns to God? If then I was a nightingale, I would do the part of a nightingale: if I were a swan, I would do like a swan. But now I am a rational creature, and I ought to praise God: this is my work; I do it, nor will I desert this post, so long as I am allowed to keep it; and I exhort you to join in this same song.

EPICETUS

Laudate Dominum

PRAISE ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens;
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.

¹ He was lame

LAUDATE DOMINUM

Let them praise the name of the Lord :
For he commanded and they were created.
He hath also stablished them for ever and ever :
He hath made a decree which shall not pass.
Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons and all deeps :
Fire and hail ; snow and vapours ;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word :
Mountains, and all hills ;
Fruitful trees, and all cedars ;
Beasts, and all cattle ;
Creeping things, and flying fowl ;
Kings of the earth, and all people :
Princes, and all judges of the earth ;
Both young men and maidens ;
Old men and children ;
Let them praise the name of the Lord :
For his name alone is excellent ;
His glory is above the earth and heaven.
He also exalteth the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints ;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm cxlviii

CHARITY

JUSTICE and Charity are the one surest sign of the true Catholic faith, the one surest fruit of the Holy Spirit. Wheresoever these are found, there in very truth Christ is, and wheresoever they are not, Christ is not. For by the Spirit of Christ alone can we be led into the love of justice and charity.

SPINOZA

AND indeed Charity itself, which is the vertical top of all Religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse.

JEREMY TAYLOR

CHARITY suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.

SAINT PAUL

Against Bitterness of Zeal

ANY zeal is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger; this is *the bitterness of zeal*, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poignard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to *try the spirits*, to *try all things*, to make inquiry; and yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is *inordination of zeal*; for Christ, by reproving St. Peter drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God or for God himself.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him; who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man prayed not nor begged a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so

HOW CHARITY 'BEGINS AT HOME'

zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me: and couldst not thou endure him one night?'

JEREMY TAYLOR

How Charity 'Begins at Home'

PEOPLE who love themselves but in charity, even as they love their neighbour, bear with themselves charitably (though without flattery) even as one bears with the faults of his neighbour. Such a man knows what needs correction in himself as well as in another; he strives loyally and vigorously to correct it; but he does it for himself as for a neighbour whom he would fain lead to God. He is patient too; he exacts, not from himself any more than from a neighbour, more than under the circumstances he is capable of bearing; he does not lose heart because baffled in his desire to be perfect in a day. He judges his lightest faults without glosing them; he sees them in their true deformity; he endures all the humiliation, all the mortification they bring. He neglects no means of correcting them, but he will not suffer them to fret his temper. He ignores the carping criticisms of vanity and self-esteem, nor suffers them to infect the calm resolution which grace inspires for the correction of

ABOU BEN ADHEM

our faults: for these petty stings do but dishearten the soul, fret it with trivialities of self, repel it from God's service, weary it on its journey, distract and turn it to unworthy relishes and consolations, enervate, bemuse, exhaust it, and tempt it to disgust and despair of ever reaching its goal. . . . We should wait and let these annoyances pass, like a fever or a sick headache, without a movement to encourage or prolong them.

FÉNELON

Abou Ben Adhem

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised his head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The Angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

MAGDALEN

Magdalen

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
Tirlèd at the pin;
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
‘Let her in! Let her in!’

‘Hast thou seen the wounds?’ said Michael,
‘Know'st thou thy sin?’
‘It is evening, evening,’ sang the blackbird,
‘Let her in! Let her in!’

‘Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin.’
‘She knows it well, well, well,’ sang the blackbird,
‘Let her in! Let her in!’

‘Thou bringest no offerings,’ said Michael.
‘Nought save sin.’
And the blackbird sang, ‘She is sorry, sorry, sorry,’
‘Let her in! Let her in!’

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and open'd Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

HENRY KINGSLEY

MAN'S SERVICE

The Gentle Man

WISE men patience never want,
Good men pity cannot hide;
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride:
He alone, forgive who can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow
Foster like kind April showers;
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers:
All so thrive his gentle rays
Whereon human love displays.

THOMAS CAMPION

Man's Service

THE chief use then in Man of that he knows
Is his pains-taking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breath'd out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
As need requires, this frail, fall'n, human kind.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

THE LEAST OF THESE

The Least of These

L ORD, in thy Courts
Are seats so green bestow'd,
As there resorts
Along the dusty road
A cavalcade,—King, Bishop, Knight and Judge :
And though I toil behind and meanly trudge,
Let me, too, lie upon that pleasant sward—
For I am weary, Lord.

Christ, at Thy board
Are wines and dishes drest,
That do afford
Contentment to the best ;
And though with poverty my bed hath been
'These many years, and my refreshment lean,
With plenty now at last my soul acquaint,
Dear Master, for I faint.

But through the grille,
'Where is thy robe?' said He:
'Wouldst eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility?'
'My robe alas! There was a little child
That shiver'd by the road—' Swiftly God smiled:
'I was that Child,' said He, and raised the pin:
'Dear friend, enter thou in!'

'Q.'

THE SIGNS OF GOODNESS

The Invisible Goodness

THE invisible and Divine goodness ennobles, in decisive fashion, all that it has unconsciously touched. Let him who has a grievance against his fellow descend into himself and seek out whether he never has been good in the presence of that fellow. For myself, I have never met any one by whose side I have felt my invisible goodness bestir itself, without he has become, at that very instant, better than myself. Be good at the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. . . . Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance. It is as though this were the actual place where is the sensitive spot of our soul.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Signs of Goodness

THE Parts and Signs of *Goodness* are many. If a Man be Gracious and Curteous to Strangers, it shews he is a Citizen of the World; and that his Heart is no Island, cut off from other Lands, but a Continent that joyns to them. If he be Compassionate towards the Afflictions of others, it shews that his Heart is like the noble Tree that is wounded itself when it gives the Balm. If he easily Pardons

THE SIGNS OF GOODNESS

and Remits Offences, it shews that his Mind is planted above Injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small Benefits, it shews that he weighs Men's Minds and not their Trash. But above all, if he have *St. Pauls* Perfection, that he would wish to be *Anathema* from Christ for the salvation of his Brethren, it shews much of a Divine Nature, and a kind of Conformity with *Christ* himself.

FRANCIS BACON

SOME EXEMPLARS

LET us now praise famous men and our fathers that
begat us.

Ecclesiasticus

ALL I can
My worldly strife shall be
They one day say of me
‘He died a good old man.’
On his sad soul a heavy burden lies
Who, known to all, unknown to himself dies.

ANONYMOUS

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye. And now, having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty up rose the Sun : than which one object in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.

HENRY FIELDING

AND a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind,
And a covert from the tempest ;
As rivers of water in a dry place,
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

ISAIAH

The Death of the Bruce

IT fortunèd that kyng Robert of Scotland was right sore aged, and feble; for he was greatly charged with the great sickenes, so that ther was no way with hym but deth; and whan he felte that his ende drew nere, he sent for suche barones and lordis of his realme as he trusted best, and shewed them how there was no remedy with hym, but he must nedis leue this transetory lyfe, commandyng them on the faith and trowth that they owed hym, truly to kepe the realme and ayde the young prince Dauid his sonne, that whan he wer of age they shulde obey hym, and crown hym kyng, and to mary hym in suche a place as was conuenient for his astate. Than he called to hym the gentle knyght, Sir James Duglas, and sayde before all the lordes, Syr James, my dere frend, ye knowe well that I have had moche ado in my dayes to uphold and susteyn the ryght of this realme, and whan I had most ado, I made a solemne vow, the whiche as yet I haue nat accomplysshed, whereof I am right sory; the whiche was, if I myght acheue and make an ende of al my warres, so that I myght ones haue brought this realme in rest and

THE DEATH OF THE BRUCE

peace, than I promysed in my mynd to haue gone and warred on Christis ennemies, aduersaries to our holy christen faith. To this purpose myn hart hath ever entended, but our Lord wolde not consent therto; for I haue had so moche ado in my dayes, and now in my last entreprise, I haue takyn such a malady, that I can nat escape. And syth it is so that my body can nat go, nor acheue that my hart desireth, I wyll sende the hart in stede of the body, to accomplysse myn avowe. And bycause I knowe nat in all my realme no knyght more valyaunt than ye be, nor of body so well furnysshed to accomplysse myn avowe in stede of myselfe, therefore I require you, myn owne dere aspeciall frende that ye wyll take on you this voiage, for the loue of me, and to acquite my soule agaynst my Lord God; for I trust so moche in your noblenes and trouth, that an ye wyll take on you, I doubte nat but that ye shall achyue it, and than shall I dye in more ease and quiete, so that it be done in suche maner as I shall declare vnto you. I woll, that as soone as I am trepassed out of this worlde that ye take my harte owte of my body and embawme it, and take of my treasure, as ye shall thynke sufficient for that entreprise, both for yourselfe, and suche company as ye wyll take with you, and present my hart to the holy Sepulchre, where as our Lord lay, seying my body can nat come there; and take with you suche company and puruey-aunce as shal be aparteynyng to your astate. And wheresoeuer ye come let it be knowen howe ye cary with you the harte of kyng Robert of Scotland, at

THE DEATH OF THE BRUCE

his instance and desire to be presented to the holy Sepulchre. Than all the lordes that harde these wordes, wept for pitie. And whan this knyght, Sir James Duglas, myght speke for wepyng, he sayd, Ah gentle and noble kyng, a hundred tymes I thanke your grace of the great honour that ye do to me, sith of so noble and great treasure ye gyue me in charge; and syr, I shall do with a glad harte, all that ye haue commanded me, to the best of my true power; howe be it, I am nat worthy nor sufficient to achyue such a noble entreprise. Than the kyng sayd, Ah gentle knyght, I thanke you, so that ye wyl promyse to do it. Syr, sayd the knyght, I shall do it vndoubtedly, by the fathe that I owe to God, and to the order of knyghthodde. Than I thanke you, sayd the kyng, for now shall I dye in more ease of my mynde sith I know that the most worthy and sufficient knyght of my realme shall achyue for me, the whiche I coulde neuer atteyne vnto. And thus, soone after thys, noble Robert de Bruse kyng of Scotland trepassed out of this vncertayne worlde, and hys hart was taken out of his body, and embaumed, and honorably he was entred in the Abbey of Donfremlyn in the yere of our Lord God, MCCCXXVII the vii day of the moneth of Nouembre.

FROISSART, *translated by Lord Berners*

THE GOOD PRIEST

The Good Priest

SIMON the high priest, the son of Onias,
Who in his life repaired the house again,
And in his days fortified the temple . . .
How was he honoured in the midst of the people,
In his coming forth out of the sanctuary! . . .
When he put on the robe of honour,
And was clothed with the perfection of glory,
When he went up to the holy altar,
He made the garment of holiness honourable.
When he took the portions out of the priests' hands,
He himself stood by the hearth of the altar,
Compassing with his brethren round about,
As a young cedar in Libanus,
And as palm-trees compassed they him round about. . . .
He stretched out his hand to the cup,
And poured out of the blood of the grape,
He poured out at the foot of the altar
A sweet-smelling savour unto the Most High King
of All.

Then shouted the sons of Aaron,
And sounded the silver trumpets,
And made a great noise to be heard,
For a remembrance before the Most High.
Then all the people together hasted,
And fell down to the earth upon their faces,
To worship their Lord God Almighty, the Most
High.

THE DEATH OF BEDE

The singers also sang praises with their voices:
With great variety of sounds was there made sweet
melody.

And the people besought the Lord, the Most High,
By prayer before him that is merciful,
Till the solemnity of the Lord was ended,
And they had finished the service.

Then he went down and lifted up his hands
Over the whole congregation of the children of Israel,
To give the blessing of the Lord with his lips,
And to rejoice in his name.

Ecclesiasticus

The Death of Bede

SO until Ascension-tide he worked with his pupils to conclude his translation of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue: but the Tuesday before Ascension-tide his sickness increased upon him. Nevertheless he taught and bade his scholars work, saying cheerfully, 'Write with speed now, for I cannot tell how long I may last.' The day broke (that is, Wednesday), and about the third hour the scribe said, 'There is yet a chapter wanting: it is hard for thee to continue vexing thyself.' 'That is easily done,' said he; 'take thy pen again and write quickly'—and joyfully he dictated until the evening at the ninth hour. 'Dear Master,' said the boy, 'there is yet one sentence to be written.' He answered, 'Write it quickly.' Soon after the boy said, 'It is finished now.' 'Thou hast

THE GOOD KNIGHT

well said, it is finished. Raise my head in thy arms, and turn my face toward the holy spot where I was wont to pray, for I desire to sit facing it and call upon my Father.'

So they held him up on the pavement, and he chanted, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' Then, as he named the Holy Ghost, his spirit took leave, and departed to the Heavenly Kingdom.

CUTHBERT

The Good Knight

AND when sir Ector de Maris heard such noise and light in the quyre of Joyous-gard, hee alighted, and put his horse away from him, and came into the quyre; and there hee saw men sing the service full lamentably; and all they knew sir Ector, but hee knew not them. Then went sir Bors unto sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother sir Launcelot dead.

And then sir Ector threw his shield, his sword and his helme from him; and when hee beheld sir Launcelot's visage hee fell downe in a sowne, and when hee awaked it were hard for any tongue to tell the dolefull complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah, sir Launcelot,' said hee, 'thou werte head of all christen knights! And now I dare say,' said sir Ector, 'that, sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly hands; and thou were the curtiest knight that ever beare shield; and

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever be-
strood horse, and thou were the truest lover of a
sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were
the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and
thou were the goodliest person that ever came among
presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man
and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies;
and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe
that ever put speare in the rest.'

Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.
Thus they kept sir Launcelot's corps above the ground
fifteene dayes, and then they buried it with great
devotion; and then at leasure they went all with the
bishop of Canterbury unto his hermitage, and there they
were together more than a moneth.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Character of the Happy Warrior

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;

INCIDENT OF BATTLE OF SALAMANCA

Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Incident of the Battle of Salamanca

NOW the cannonade became heavy and the spectacle surprisingly beautiful. The lighter smoke and mist curling up in fantastic pillars formed a huge and glittering dome tinged of many colours by the rising sun; and through the grosser vapour below the restless horsemen were seen or lost as the fume thickened from the rapid play of the guns, while the high bluff head of land beyond the Trabancos, covered with French troops, appeared by an optical delusion close at hand, dilated to the size of a mountain and crowned with gigantic soldiers who were continually breaking off and sliding down into the fight. Suddenly a dismounted cavalry officer stalked from the midst of the smoke towards the line of infantry with a gait

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO ARMY

peculiarly rigid, and he appeared to hold a bloody handkerchief to his heart; but that which seemed a cloth was a broad and dreadful wound; a bullet had entirely effaced the flesh from his left shoulder and from his breast, and had carried away part of his ribs; his heart was bare, and its movement plainly discerned. It was a piteous and yet a noble sight, for his countenance though ghastly, was firm, his step scarcely indicated weakness, and his voice never faltered. This unyielding man's name was Williams. He died a short distance from the field of battle, and it was said in the arms of his son, a youth of fourteen who had followed his father to the Peninsula in hopes of obtaining a commission, for they were not affluent.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

Washington says Farewell to his Army

THE hour now approached in which it became necessary for General Washington to take leave of his army, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. The officers having previously assembled, General Washington, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them:—‘With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you: I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.’ The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. The General then left the room and passed

NELSON'S DEPARTURE

through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation, the officers all following him. On his entering the barge to cross the North river, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and by waving his hat bid them farewell. Some answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears, and all hung upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander.

RAMSEY.

Nelson's Departure from Portsmouth

EARLY on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach: but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face—many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off and he

THE GOOD SEA CAPTAIN

was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled soon to retreat, for the people were not to be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero, the darling hero of England.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Good Sea Captain

CONCEIVE him now in a man of war, with his letters of marque, victualled, and appointed.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it. Indeed a sea captain is a king in the island of a ship; supreme judge, above appeal, in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account in courts of justice on land for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing the Lord's day. He hath a watch in his heart, though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers.

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past as devout when 'tis present; not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks. Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them.

In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes; though some of them may chance to

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET

be negroes or savages. 'Tis the custom of some to cast them overboard, and there's an end of them: for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. What, is a brother of false blood no kin? A savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the Church to his mother, and God will revenge his innocent blood. But our captain counts the image of God nevertheless His image, cut in ebony, as if done in ivory.

In dividing the gains he wrongs none who took pains to get them. Not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing.

In time of peace he quietly returns home.

His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honour and knowledge.

He daily sees and duly considers God's wonders in the deep.

THOMAS FULLER

On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet, a Practiser in Physic

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepared the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

TWO GOOD ANGLERS

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Two Good Anglers

AND I do easily believe, that peace and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening, on a bank, a-fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill;
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift Pilgrim's daub'd nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice,

TWO GOOD ANGLERS

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.

Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.

Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the
undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you
hear the wish of another angler, and the commendation
of his happy life, which he also sings in verse? viz.,
Jo. Davors, Esq.:

Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:

Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,

TWO GOOD ANGLERS

Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky ;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye ;
The watery clouds that, in the air up-roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly ;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed ;

The hills and mountains raisèd from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground ;
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclos'd with rivers running round ;
These rivers making way through nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea profound ;
The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow ;

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a song,
Do welcome with their choir the summer's queen ;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd with verdant grass between ;
The silver-scalèd fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

TWO GOOD ANGLERS

All these, and many more of His creation

That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see ;
Taking therein no little delectation,

To think how strange, how wonderful they be !
Framing thereof an inward contemplation

To set his heart from other fancies free ;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me ; for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity and a like time of leisure.

IZAACK WALTON

BEREAVEMENT AND
CONSOLATION

It is true that there are but few real friends, and it is hard to lose them; but we do not lose them—we rather are in danger of losing ourselves while waiting to follow those we mourn.

FÉNELON

Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

HIGH-SPIRITED friend,
I send nor balms nor cor'sives to your wound;
Your fate hath found
A gentler and more agile hand to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal.

BEN JONSON

Departed

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

ROSE AYLMER

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Rose Aylmer

AH, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

REQUIESCAT

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Requiescat

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

HERACLITUS

Heracitus

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you
were dead;

They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian
guest,

A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are they pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot
take.

WILLIAM CORY

The Old Familiar Faces

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me.
And some are taken from me ; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB

Exequy on his Wife

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint ;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy herse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee! Thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day.
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (tho' overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past):
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then,
And all that space my mirth adjourn—
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And putting off thy ashy shroud
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world—like thine,
My little world! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent—
Not gave—thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee. . . .

'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field;
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
The crime—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING

THE WIFE A-LOST

The Wife a-lost

SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
Up steärs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow;
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Droo trees a-drippèn wet;
Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
Your vaice do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword
A-yield upon the ground;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.

BEYOND

Since I do miss your vaice an' feäce
In prayër at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad vaice vor greäce
To goo where you do bide;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waitèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

WILLIAM BARNES

Beyond

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of Spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May:

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom,
Fond hope and vision vain
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more

EASTER

—Beyond the sphere of Time,
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forgo;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

Easter

WHAT avails that winter die,
If death die not, winter's sting?
Hopeless, loveless, man would lie,
Crown'd not Eastertide his spring.

Who would hope at all, or strive
Overwhelm'd by fatal force?
Who would love at all, to grieve
Parted by that dire divorce?

But from yonder gulf of gloom
Not the Lord alone is risen;
Hope with Him has left the tomb,
Love with Him has burst the prison.

Saviour, for this other spring,
Scents of Eden breathing near,
Gratefully these gifts we bring,
Flowerets of the freshening year.

SIR J. R. SEELEY

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

The Fountain of Tears

IF you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of Sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years ;
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces :
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffer'd and hears—
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,
Reach'd after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then alas! while you lie there a season
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you,
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears—
O perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place Grief hath found you—
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kiss'd you;
Or think at least some one who miss'd you
Had sent you a thought,—if that cheers;

DESPAIR

Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken :
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over and baffle resistance,
And roll down blar'd roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years ;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow :
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods and the tears meet and gather ;
The sound of them all grows like thunder :
—O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years ?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping :
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears !

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

Despair

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

CONSOLATION

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Consolation

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In antient and in modern books enroll'd
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought ;
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above ;
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.

JOHN MILTON

THE NEW JERUSALEM

The New Jerusalem

HIERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

THE NEW JERUSALEM

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

ANONYMOUS (1601)

AGE

IN the evening there shall be light.

HABAKKUK

THE residue of life is short. Live as on a mountain.

MARCUS AURELIUS

AND sometimes I remember days of old
When fellowship seem'd not so far to seek,
And all the world and I seem'd much less cold,
And at the rainbow's foot lay surely gold,
And hope felt strong, and life itself not weak.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

LANDOR

On Time

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummet's pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
Time.

JOHN MILTON

OLD AGE

Old Age

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath
made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER

A Farewell to Arms

(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing .
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,

CADMUS AND HARMONIA

A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE

Cadmus and Harmonia

FAR, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes.
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills;
Nor do they see their country, nor the place:
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy Palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

THE GATE

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes!
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman; yet of old
The Gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood; but were rapt, far away
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Gate

FAR off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our Autumn boughs, unflown with Spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delay'd and late,
When at the Eternal Gate

RABBI BEN EZRA

We leave the words and works we call our own
And lift void hands alone

For Love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

WHITTIER.

Rabbi Ben Ezra

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be
afraid!'

II

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?'
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends
them all!'

RABBI BEN EZRA

III

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,

RABBI BEN EZRA

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the
throe !

VII

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
the scale.

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use :
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live
and learn ?'

RABBI BEN EZRA

X

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
'Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt
do!'

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul!'

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,

RABBI BEN EZRA

Life's struggle having so far reached its term :
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute ; a god though in the germ.

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new :
Fearless and unperplex'd,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey :
A whisper from the west
Shoots—' Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.'

RABBI BEN EZRA

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 'This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain :
The Future I may face now I have proved the
 Past.'

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true
 play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made :
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waited'st age : wait death nor be
 afraid !

XX

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite

RABBI BEN EZRA

Be named here, as thou call'st thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone.

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Sever'd great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraign'd,
Where they, my soul disdain'd,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace
at last!

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul
believe?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

RABBI BEN EZRA

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger fail'd to plumb,
So pass'd in making up the main account ;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weigh'd not as his work, yet swell'd the man's
amount :

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be pack'd
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped.

XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor ! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past gone, seize
to-day !'

XXVII

Fool ! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall ;

RABBI BEN EZRA

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
What though, about thy rim,
Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

XXX

Look not thou down but up !
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel ?

PEACE

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as plann'd!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same!

ROBERT BROWNING

Peace

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—

PEACE

Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

DEATH

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula !
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL

THE Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe. And when it is time to rise, *cum expergiscar*, *Then I shall be satisfied*, saith the Prophet David.

HENRY MONTAGU, EARL OF MANCHESTER

LIVE holily and you shall die happily : Live as though there were no Gospell, but die as though there were no Law.

Id.

O MORTAL folk, you may behold and see
How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight :
The end of joy and all prosperitee
Is death at last, thorough his course and might :
After the day there cometh the dark night :
For the daye be never so long
At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

STEPHEN HAWES

THERE is nothing strictly immortal but Immortality.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Death

I

WHATSOEVER thou dost affect, whatsoever thou dost project, so do and so project as one who, for aught thou knowest, may at this very present depart out of this life. And as for death, if there be any gods it is no grievous thing to leave the society of men. The gods will do thee no hurt, thou may'st be sure. But if it be so that there be no gods, or that they take no care of the world, why should I desire to live in a world void of gods and of all divine providence? But gods there be certainly, and they take care of the world.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

II

O ELOQUENT, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded! What none have dared, thou hast done! And whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised! Thou hast drawn together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

LAST LINES

III

THE ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no Epitaph of that Oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirl-wind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran. So is the death of *Iesabel* (*Iesabel* was a Queen) expressed: They *shall not say*, *This is Iesabel*; not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, *This is Iesabel*.

JOHN DONNE

Last Lines

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

LAST LINES

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thy infinity;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existencē would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroy'd.

EMILY BRONTË

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

Dominus Illuminatio Mea

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow
dim,

And pain has exhausted every limb—

The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—

The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—

The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—

But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

R. B.

My Own Country

LASTLY, it brings me where I would be; into
my owne *Countrey*, into *Paradise*, where I shall
meet, not as in the *Elizium* of the Poets, *Catones*,
Scipiones, and *Scevola's*; But Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the

VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH CROSSES RIVER

Angels my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolkes that are gone before me and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith: we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the celestiall Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God. Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soule for thee, O God: I had rather be a doore keeper in thy house than dwell here though in chambers of pleasure: and know this, that Glory followes Grace; if little Grace be here, lesse will be the Glory hereafter.*

HENRY MONTAGU, EARL OF MANCHESTER

Valiant-for-Truth crosses the River

AFTER this, it was noised about that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a Summons by the same Post as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, That his pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Father's; and tho' with great Difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my

UP-HILL

Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scarrs I carry with me, to be a Witness for me that I have fought his Battels who now will be my Rewarder.

When the Day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which as he went, he said, Death, where is thy sting? And as he went down deeper, he said, Grave, where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

JOHN BUNYAN

Up-Hill

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

THE RAPTURE

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

The Rapture

WHEREFORE as a wearied traveller that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladdest when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale solum dulcedine cunctos

Ducit—

Even so thy soule after many yeares pilgrimage in the wilderness of this world, being come with *Moses* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant Land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sunne coming as a *Bridegroom out of his chamber*.

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was as the blind-man's vision in the Gospell, to whose first sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see clearely men and Angels stand before the Lamb's Throne, and heare thy selfe invited to the Lamb's Supper, where *thou shalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be*

THE RAPTURE

the banner over thee. It is the best eloquence to speak to God in the same language he speakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, stay mee with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am sicke of love: Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my soule loveth, where thou feedest, where thou lvest at noone.

There with *Solomon* in a Canticke, and with *David* in a Psalm, let be the raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance shall be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angell. And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy soule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah*, *O my soule, thou hast marched valiantly*; and say with *David*, *Returne now, my soule, unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying Saint *Steven*, before his eyes were closed, had a faciaall sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam, looked steadfastly into the heaven*; and saw the glory of God, and *Jesus standing at the right hand of God. . . .*

And now me thinkes I see him face to face, *Visione illâ beatificâ, et jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet et ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

Who is this that commeth from Edom, with red garments from Bozrah. I now behold the day spring

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

*from on high come to visit mee. Say then to the North,
Give; and to the South, Restore; and so come Lord
Jesus, come quickly.*

HENRY MONTAGU, EARL OF MANCHESTER

O Come Quickly!

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
shore,

Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast:

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour-dims our
eyes:

Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the
Blessèd only see:

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite
to Thee!

THOMAS CAMPION

The Pilgrim's Way

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer ;
 No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains—
 Then will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 —Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Some Standard Books

Published by

Seeley, Service & Co Ltd

THE THINGS SEEN SERIES.

"A successful series by capable writers."—*The Times*.

"Beautifully illustrated with photographs of characteristic scenes and people."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

THINGS SEEN IN PALESTINE

By A. GOODRICH-FREER, F.R.S.G.S.

"Brightly written from full and intimate knowledge of the subject."
Scotsman.

THINGS SEEN IN OXFORD

By N. J. DAVIDSON, B.A.(Oxon)

"An excellent account of the University town and the life of the Undergraduate."
Aberdeen Journal.

THINGS SEEN IN RUSSIA

By W. BARNES STEVENI

"Giving just the information most people would like."—*Review of Reviews*.

THINGS SEEN IN SPAIN

By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY

"This admirable little volume."
Onlooker.

THINGS SEEN IN VENICE

By Canon LONSDALE RAGG, B.D.,
& L. M. RAGG

"By authors who are both of them cultured students of Italian life, art, and literature."—*Times*.

THINGS SEEN IN NORTHERN INDIA

By T. L. PENNELL, M.D., B.Sc.

"A delightful account of the sights of Upper India, by one who has special knowledge."—*Birmingham Post*.

THINGS SEEN IN HOLLAND

By C. E. ROCHS

"A charming addition to the series
... eminently readable."
Morning Post.

THINGS SEEN IN EGYPT

By E. L. BUTCHER

"Mrs. Butcher is thoroughly conversant with her subject... excellently written."—*Globe*.

THINGS SEEN IN JAPAN

By CLIVE HOLLAND

"An attractive volume: the photographs with which it is illustrated are admirable."—*Manchester Guardian*.

THINGS SEEN IN CHINA

By J. R. CHITTY

"By a writer who adds grace and style to entire familiarity with the country and people."—*Morning Star Post*.

THINGS SEEN IN SWEDEN

By W. BARNES STEVENI

"A charming little volume."
Church Family Newspaper.

THINGS SEEN IN LONDON

By A. H. BLAKE, M.A.(Oxon)

"This charming little book full of excellent illustrations."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

THINGS SEEN IN FLORENCE

By E. GRIERSON

"The best of a wonderful series."
Dundee Courier.

THINGS SEEN ON THE ITALIAN LAKES

By MRS. LONSDALE RAGG

"A delightful addition to the charming Things Seen Series."
Western Morning News.

THINGS SEEN ON THE RIVIERA

French & Italian

By CAPT. LESLIE RICHARDSON

"Pleasantly written & with a profusion of admirable illustrations."—*Spectator*.

THINGS SEEN IN NORMANDY & BRITTANY

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

"Quite the most attractive volume in an admirable Series."—*British Weekly*.

SEELEY, SERVICE & CO. LIMITED

Seeley Service & Co Ltd

"The admirable New Art Library."—*Connoisseur*.

The New Art Library

VOL. I.

THE PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING AND DRAWING. By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.
With 80 illustrations. 10s. 6d. *net*.

"Eminently practical. . . . Can be warmly recommended to all students."—*Daily Mail*.

"The work of an accomplished painter and experienced teacher."—*Scotsman*.

"If students were to follow his instructions, and, still more, to heed his warnings, their painting would soon show a great increase in efficiency."

Manchester Guardian.

VOL. II.

HUMAN ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS. By Sir ALFRED FRIPP, K.C.V.O., Lecturer upon Anatomy at Guy's Hospital, and RALPH THOMPSON. Profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings by INNES FRIPP, A.R.C.A., Master of Life Class, City Guilds Art School. With 159 illustrations. *Square extra crown 8vo, 15s. net.*

"Excellentlly illustrated from the first page to the last by original drawings and photographs from the living model most carefully taken."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Combines the best scientific and artistic information."—*Connoisseur*.

VOL. III.

MODELLING AND SCULPTURE. By ALBERT TOFT, A.R.C.A., M.S.B.S. With 119 illustrations. *Square extra crown 8vo, 15s. net.*

"Will be found an invaluable aid to the student. . . . Takes the student step by step through the various technical processes, the text being supplemented by over a hundred excellent illustrations."

Studio.

"The details are very clearly set out, and the instruction throughout is of a thoroughly practical kind."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

Seeley Service & Co Ltd

The New Art Library—*continued.*

"The admirable New Art Library."—*Connoisseur.*

VOL. IV.

THE PRACTICE AND SCIENCE OF DRAWING. By HAROLD SPEED. With 96 illustrations and diagrams. 10s. 6d. *net.*

"Mr. Speed's handbook cannot be sufficiently recommended to the student."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This book is of such importance that everyone interested in the subject must read it."—Walter Sckert in the *Daily News.*

"There are many new and original ideas in the book."—*The Outlook.*

"Altogether this is one of the best volumes in the admirable series to which it belongs."—*Literary World.*

VOL. V.

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF TREES. By REX VICAT COLE. With over 500 illustrations and diagrams. 15s. *net.*

"What gives the volumes in the New Art Library their wide acceptance is that they are really treatments of artistic problems, not collections of tips for superficial workers."—*Scotsman.*

"It would be impossible to overstate the importance to students of art of this exceedingly fine book. It contains thousands of practical hints."

Eastern Morning News.

VOL. VI.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTING. By ALFRED W. RICH. With 60 illustrations. 10s. 6d. *net.*

"No artist living at the present time is better qualified to undertake a textbook on water-colour painting than Mr. Rich. Not only is he one of the most distinguished exponents of the art in this country, but he has had considerable experience and success as a teacher. In this admirable volume he explains to the beginner, and to the more advanced student, lucidly and fully, the methods he himself has adopted; he warns them of the difficulties they are likely to meet with, and he shows how they may be overcome."

The Studio.

Seeley, Service & Co Ltd

The New Art Library—*continued.*

VOL. VII.

PERSPECTIVE. By REX VICAT COLE. With
472 illustrations and diagrams. 18s. *net.*

"An indispensable book to the student of art."

Daily Graphic.

"Up to now the majority of art teachers have dulled the enthusiasm of their pupils by presenting a complex array of mathematical calculations and elaborate diagrams. Set down in plain words, simply but effectively illustrated, Mr. Vicat Cole has succeeded in making perspective quite fascinating in his carefully planned and finely illustrated treatise."

Aberdeen Journal

"A truly admirable book. Here are the dreaded complexities of Perspective so simplified that four rules only have become sufficient to give the science its full practical effect of confirming the verity of the artist's vision and saving his picture from any possible error of plan. Mr. Cole is a practical teacher; he does not merely state his rules, he gives them artistic vitality and authority by the extremely lucid way in which he explains their application to an infinite variety of pictorial conditions."

Malcolm C. Salaman in the *Bookman's Journal*.

TWO NEW VOLUMES JUST PUBLISHED

VOL. VIII.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By ADRIAN
STOKES, R.A. With 97 illustrations. 15s. *net.*

VOL. IX.

THE ART OF ETCHING. By E. S. LUMSDEN.
With about 200 illustrations. 21s. *net.*

Seeley, Service & Co Ltd

Oxford

By ANDREW LANG

New Edition, reset, and with 50 illustrations by famous artists, including a frontispiece in three colours by

J. H. LORIMER, R.S.A.

Bound blue, crimson, and gold. Extra Crown 8vo, 6s.

THIS New Edition has been reset and printed by Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh. The illustrations are by J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., Joseph Pennell, T. Hamilton Crawford, R.S.W., and other famous artists.

REVIEWS OF THE NEW EDITION

"Mr. Lang's delightful book on Oxford."

The Academy.

"Amidst an effusion of guide books, would-be guide books, and profusely illustrated descriptions of Oxford, each useful to a few, but lacking the essentials of a really readable work, comes a new edition of the excellent, we may almost say standard work by Andrew Lang. The illustrations are very effective in their simplicity. Judgment has been displayed by author and publisher alike, and for style and finish the book will be hard to beat."

Oxford Times.

"Emphatically not written to the pictures which illustrate the new and smartly-bound edition of Mr. Lang's charming work. The illustrations, which form a special recommendation of the present issue, are generally of excellent quality."—*The Guardian.*

